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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Escape Literature Again

THE recent death of Kenneth Grahame removed from the field of literature one of that small band of chosen spirits whose power of enchantment lies in their ability to restore to harassed maturity the vanished delight of early youth. The appeal of his delicate art lay in its potency to recover the direct reaction to life,—in its recognition of a world in solution ready to be precipitated into who knows what miracle of loveliness, or excitement, or achievement, in its joy in the freshness of nature, in a kinship of feeling with the creatures of field and woods, a quivering sensibility to the intoxication of living. It is no detraction of that art to admit that much of the charm it exerted rested not so much on the world it created as on the nostalgia that world evoked. *"Et in Arcadia ego,"* and suddenly the view opens into paradise. All of us yearn to recover the Golden Age.

For the most prosaic of mankind cannot live by bread only, and in direct proportion as we have not the resources within ourselves or the opportunities before us to escape from the trammels of the commonplace we seek a vicarious release through the imagination of others. The pity of it is that the publisher and producer, who ostensibly base their procedure upon this knowledge, place so little reliance upon it that they all too seldom trust the impulse for escape to find satisfaction in the imponderables rather than in crass elaborations of incident and situation.

Back of the enormous mass of fiction intended to catch the popular fancy lies a sound publishing instinct which recognizes the will of a humdrum world to live excitingly in story if it cannot do so in reality. But back of it, too, is the fallacy that mere saccharinity or sensationalism necessarily constitutes excitement for the many, whereas, as book after book has proved, the masses may be no less amenable to vigorous thought and feeling than the more analytical few.

If there is anything surprising in the fact that a novel like "The Good Earth" should have attained to leadership in the fiction of the past year it is that such surprise should still be felt. Even in a day like the present, in a season notably bad for publishing as for other industries, we have reaffirmation of the fact that a good book will make its way to favor. The success of such a work as "The Fountain," which is forging to first place in best-seller lists all over the country, is only further evidence to the frequently demonstrated truth that the public has taste far more elastic and far more discriminating than many a publisher is willing to grant to its credit. Not a sensational story, not a tale carried on a flow of clever or rapid-fire dialogue, but a novel with frequent excursions into the byways of philosophizing, it has made its way by virtue of distinction of manner and loftiness of mood. Nothing could be of greater portent to the booktrade than such a record, for nothing could better emphasize the fact that at times when selection becomes a matter of importance, when necessity dictates care in buying, it is not the flashy and meritricious that will find purchasers, but the work of genuine merit. "The Fountain" will still be piling up sales when many a flimsy novel published coincidently with its appearance in the belief that it was "what the public likes" is

(*Continued on page* 842)

POLITE SOCIETY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.
From "Life and Work of the People of England," by DOROTHY HARTLEY and MARGARET W. ELLIOT (Putnam).

The Voice of Society*

By WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

AMONG the various signs of a "revival" of the eighteenth century, especially the age of the early Hanoverians, of Walpole, and the Pelhams, the present edition of Lord Chesterfield's "Letters" is at once an example and a promise. Nothing could be more appropriate than to follow the beautiful, and, in so far as possible, definitive, edition of Lord Hervey's "Memoirs," which appeared last year, with an equally beautiful and, again in so far as possible, definitive edition of these letters—nothing, perhaps, save than to follow this with a like edition of Horace Walpole's "Letters" and "Memoirs." It is appropriate not only for the works themselves, but because the authors so hated each other that, one being printed, it is only fair to give the others their day in court.

To say that the present edition of Lord Chesterfield's "Letters" contains nearly three thousand of those epistles, is not merely to say that it is the most nearly complete collection yet made. It is a tribute both to the industry of their author and his editor, and to the value set upon these epistles by those who preserved them. That is but natural; for they are not only interesting in themselves, they not merely illustrate the politics of their period, the gossip and the flavor of their time, but they contain the eternal verities of Society—if Society has verities. If one may be permitted a paradox, they are a timely publication—for they are timeless. They are, as we say patronizingly of so many things, from Aristophanes's comedies to Shakespeare's slang, so "modern." They belong, in fact to the ageless literature of the "Comédie Humaine." Of all English writers Chesterfield has been a guide to worldly success; as was said of de Retz, if one can learn that art from a book, this is the book.

Moreover the eighteenth century, with all its differences, is curiously akin to its grandchild, the twentieth, in so many ways that one might almost believe the notion that family characteristics are repeated in alternate generations, has some odd counterpart in those artificial generations we call centuries. It is incredible how clever our ancestors were, to think and write so much, so many years ago, which has occurred to us so recently. The eighteenth century, in particular, anticipated us in so many bright ideas that one might almost think it had read them in the latest works of our own intelligentsia. Perhaps some day, when Einstein grows more popular, we may be able to explain it on this ground—assuming that there is no simpler explanation possible.

But there is at least one other explanation visible in these letters. It is that they are the eternal voice of that curious, artificial, fascinating unreality which men—and more especially women—have created and called Society; with all its charm and heartlessness, its strivings after the pleasant emptinesses of a life at once delightful and barren, its desperate efforts to discover a substitute for work and danger which shall be inaccessible to the less fortunate. This has not greatly altered through the centuries. It was known to the Romans and the Greeks, and doubtless to the Egyptians and the Babylonians —for customs and manners change, but not the heart of man.

Lord Chesterfield was the eighteenth century incarnate. Formal, well-mannered, if not always well-behaved, sometimes heroic, sometimes sensual, witty, profound, religious yet skeptical, idealistic, rational, scientific yet credulous, conservative, revolutionary, his century offers the whole range of human inconsistency, as the loom of time threw up this pattern and then that, in that eventful period. He was, besides, the characteristic figure of his period, for he belonged to that peculiar class which reached its zenith then—its great age and its last. He was a great aristocrat. To men like him wealth was essential, for all aristocracies must have an economic base. But wealth was not all. There remained birth and talents and power; wit, if God granted it; and, above all, the great tradition of good manners, now vanished from the Western world.

It is a commonplace to say that of all men in the British Isles during the eighteenth century, Lord Chesterfield was, in a peculiar sense, the glass of fashion and the mould of form; and so has been remembered. If immortality is achieved in extraordinary ways, if an Asiatic king's name is now preserved in the word mausoleum, and a Scotch engineer's in macadam; if Lord Sandwich is immortalized by two slices of bread and filling in between, and Count Nesselrode by a pudding, what shall be said of one whose title

(*Continued on page* 840)

* THE LETTERS OF PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, 4th EARL OF CHESTERFIELD. Edited with an Introduction by BONAMY DOBRÉE. New York: The Viking Press. 1932. 6 vols. $65.

At the Cross-Roads

A PLANNED SOCIETY. By GEORGE SOULE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1932. $2.50.

BREAKDOWN. The Collapse of Traditional Civilization. By ROBERT BRIFFAULT. New York: Brentano's. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by FABIAN FRANKLIN

SINCE I last wrote for the *Saturday Review of Literature* on the economic trial through which the world is passing, the depth and sweep of that trial have been prodigiously increased. A consequence of this intensification of the crisis has been the emergence of a flood of books and articles dealing with the question of a profound change in the existing institutions of the civilized world.

That these books and articles should, in nearly every instance, advocate such a change—that few writers should present the case against it—is perfectly natural, indeed inevitable. The storm may blow over, sooner or later; many persons eminently well qualified to judge think it will. But while the storm is raging, and threatens to pull the whole edifice down about our ears, the voice of confidence—even of hope—is apt to be stilled.

The two books named at the head of this column are of utterly contrasting types; they agree, however, in the conviction that the existing economic order must undergo a fundamental change if civilization is to survive. It is possible that this conviction is sound; I have to confess that the question whether it is sound or not has become, in the light of recent developments, too difficult to admit of a confident answer in the negative. At this moment of writing, for example, the Lausanne Conference has just assembled; and the solemn warning of Mr. Macdonald's opening speech, expressed in language of sincere and simple eloquence, cannot be dismissed from the thought of any one but an incorrigible optimist.

Some weight must nevertheless be attached to the consideration that, at a time of such heartbreaking trial as that through which the world is now passing, few minds are capable of resisting the

This Week

TO MY SON.
By JANE PIPER.

"THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON."
Reviewed by ALEXANDER M. WITHERSPOON.

"THE LAME, THE HALT, AND THE BLIND"
Reviewed by HENRY R. VIETS, M.D.

"MEMOIRS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW."
Reviewed by WILLIAM L. LANGER.

"THE STORE."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"TROPIC SEED."
Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"THE WHOLESOME PERSONALITY."
Reviewed by BERNARD SACHS, M.D.

"THE MEDICAL VALUE OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS."
Reviewed by SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN.

Next Week, or Later

"FIFTY YEARS."
Reviewed by ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD.

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emotional influence of the encircling gloom. In crises of incomparably less gravity and extent, hope of emergence without cataclysm has been expressly abandoned by many men of light and leading. In an article which appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature* for October 24, 1931, I drew attention to Carlyle's view of the inevitable consequences of the economic breakdown under which England was laboring ninety years ago. Then, as now, millions were suffering dire want while the means of production were more abundant than ever before; then, incomparably more than now, that suffering took the shape of starvation or near-starvation.

> We ask [Carlyle exclaimed] if you mean to lead us toward work; to try to lead us—by ways new, never yet heard of till this new unheard-of Time? Or if you declare that you cannot lead us? And expect that we are to remain quietly unled, and in a composed manner perish of starvation? . . . It is too clear the Nation itself is on the way to suicidal death. . . . We are rushing swiftly on the road to destruction; every hour bringing us nearer, until it be, in some measure, done.

The "it" being, broadly speaking, the institution of some such "planned society" as that to the advocacy of which Mr. Soule's book is devoted. And what Carlyle said ninety years ago in the burning words distinctive of his genius has been said—less absolutely, indeed, yet with little substantial difference—in everyday language by some of the most hard-headed of practical statesmen at almost every time when the economic structure of modern society has been undergoing the strain of critical distress.

To conclude from all this that warnings of impending cataclysm have no claim to attention would, however, be to make a very false inference. Æsop's fable of the boy that cried "Wolf" teaches not only the lesson that false warnings, repeatedly heard, lose the power of commanding attention, but also the lesson that the true warning, the warning to which we ought to attend, may go unheeded because of our unwarranted confidence that it is sure to prove false. If, then, I have made reference to those prophecies of which Carlyle's, in "Past and Present," is one of the most interesting examples, it is not in order to argue that similar prophecies today are entitled to little weight, but only to enter a caveat against accepting them too readily.

Over and above any general considerations bearing on the case there is one specific feature, distinguishing the present crisis from any previous one, which lends peculiar weight to all forecasts of impending fundamental change. Never before in human history has there been in actual operation a communistic experiment embracing the whole of a great nation—to say nothing of a nation of the vast extent of Russia. Here we have before our eyes, and have had ever since the installation of the Five Year Plan, the spectacle of a people that comprises a large proportion of the Western world actually operating, and operating with at least a large measure of success, a scheme of communistic or near-communistic organization. We see this scheme advancing, in point of economic efficiency, towards a stage comparable with that which the great industrial nations of the Western world have attained through centuries of progress under the régime of private property and individual enterprise. It is no longer possible to brush aside the claims of communism as built upon merely speculative doctrines. The burden of proof on the question whether communism will work or not has been distinctly shifted. The burden of proof rests now upon the supporters of the negative, quite as distinctly as it formerly rested upon the supporters of the affirmative. And on both the books here under notice, this feature of the existing situation exercises, and justly exercises, a potent influence.

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Coming now to the books themselves, it is proper to correct an impression about them which these preliminary remarks may have produced. Neither Mr. Briffault's book nor Mr. Soule's is primarily based on the present crisis at all. The prophecies which they utter, the doctrines which they enunciate, are the outcome of convictions that rest on the authors' long-standing views of the nature of the existing economic order, and of the possibilities of its replacement by a better order. Yet it is clear enough, and natural enough, that both the intensity of the conviction and the confidence with which the conviction is pressed upon the reader owe much to the sense that behind all that the authors urge in the shape of argument or exhortation or denunciation there stands an argument embodied not in words but in palpable fact—the great outstanding fact of Soviet progress.

Let us inquire now how much of genuine substance is added by the argument of these books to the inescapable argument of notorious facts—the fact of appalling breakdown in the immediate condition of the Western industrial nations, the fact of spectacular progress in the initial stages of the Soviet experiment.

I said at the outset that the two books are of utterly contrasting types. They are contrasted in almost every possible way; and, to begin with, they are contrasted as regards the answer to the foregoing question. Mr. Briffault's book is brilliant, and in some ways powerful and impressive; but, viewed in the light of sober judgment, it is hardly too much to say that it adds nothing substantial to the inescapable argument of notorious facts; Mr. Soule's book is far less brilliant—though admirably lucid and persuasive—but it adds a great deal to the inescapable argument of notorious facts. Mr. Briffault's book breathes throughout the fiery indigdignation of one who regards the existing civilization—with the exception of Russia's—as a hideous and loathsome monstrosity; the hysterical violence of his appeal, though it bristles with instances which startlingly support his contention, has not the weight either of logical thought or of trustworthy and responsible treatment of facts. Mr. Soule's book is the opposite of all this; whether one agrees with his conclusions or not, both his arguments and his assertions of fact are, almost without exception, sound, accurate, and illuminating.

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The subtitle of Mr. Briffault's book indicates very correctly the purport of his work. It is not capitalism, but something far more comprehensive, far more deeply rooted in history, of which he declares the deserved and impending doom. It is not the specific character either of our own civilization or of any previous civilization, that sets upon them the fatal seal of destruction; it is a character common to them all. They have all alike rested on tradition, and not on reason; and to Mr. Briffault it seems self-evident that a civilization that rests on tradition and not on reason must necessarily be imbecile, insane, hideous. These adjectives are not mine; they are but a pale reflection of Mr. Briffault's language, as it appears on page after page throughout the book. Thus at page 129 we are told that any man who "is not blinded by the inconceivable insolence" of the claims made in behalf of our civilization knows that "the thing which mendaciously puts them forth, the unorganized traditional savage horror which blandly terms itself civilization, is an unspeakably hideous and criminal atrocity."

The rage which finds utterance in such denunciations does not, it must be admitted, rest exclusively on the author's indignation at mankind's failure to assert its right to an organization of society expressly constructed, by the exercise of pure reason, for the sole purpose of promoting the general good; it rests also upon another general ground—general as distinguished from the citation of specific evils and monstrosities. That our civilization has been the outgrowth of tradition and not of pure reason, no one can deny; but neither can it be denied that, at all stages of its history, the form that civilization has taken has been determined by the dominance of some particular class or classes—priestly, military, landholding, capitalistic—favored above the rest of the population. This, then, is the second ground for Mr. Briffault's volcanic fury; and we might add a third, which is almost as conspicuously in evidence as these two, but which has far less foundation in fact. Tradition is the accursed thing; but hardly less accursed is that veneration of tradition as absolutely sacred and inviolable which Mr. Briffault constantly asserts has always—even in our own time—served as the indispensable support of the existing order.

Now I think it does little injustice to Mr. Briffault to say that he supplies no *argumentative* support to his views of the detestable character of traditional civilization. His proof that the existing order is entitled to no respect consists in large part of repeated contemptuous rejection of the notion that "mankind" at some time or other adopted it "from choice and fashioned it for its own purposes"; and of similarly repeated insistence that it was not mankind, but only particular dominating classes, acting in pursuance of their special interests, that gave shape to the successive forms which civilization has taken. The proposition that he denies is asserted by hardly anybody, and the proposition that he asserts is denied by hardly anybody. What Mr. Briffault contributes to the matter is neither logical argument nor trustworthy presentation of fact, but merely the emotional appeal of undiscriminating denunciation and of extravagant assertion. The reason that his book demands attention is not that it has substantial merit but that its glowing language, and the evidently sincere fervor of his feeling, will doubtless make a deep impression upon many minds at a time so favorable as the present to the spread of revolutionary sentiments.

The publisher's jacket informs us that the book is "scholarly and impartial," and that it deserves special attention as "coming from such an eminent anthropologist as Dr. Briffault." That the book has distinction, I would by no means deny; but it is neither scholarly nor impartial, and there is nothing in it which bears the character that should attach to the work of an eminent anthropologist, or an eminent representative of any branch of science.

As regards logic, the defect of the book consists rather in the absence of it than in any explicit errors of reasoning. Accordingly, it is impossible to bring this defect home by citation. You can't *prove* that a book is illogical in the sense that logic is absent, except by quoting the whole book and asking the reader to point out where it is present. Of course, this does not mean that the book lacks the power to stir the mind; only that this stirring comes either from conjuring up emotions of hostility for the whole existing order, or from pointing to particular parts of it—some of them, alas, only too justly abhorrent, especially all that relates to war—and demanding on the basis of these parts a sweeping rejection of the whole. Nevertheless, Mr. Briffault's quality as a logician is occasionally displayed in specific exhibitions of logical error. Thus at page 159, tilting with his usual fury at the régime of democracy, in which "intelligence is deliberately sabotaged," Mr. Briffault illustrates his thesis by this interesting exhibit:

> The success of the democratic means of stultifying the operation of intelligence is demonstrated by what is termed the pendulous swing of popular caprice which, in England for example, brings about a regular alternation of the electoral plebiscite from one set of principles to their exact opposites, thereby clearly showing that the electorate is entirely devoid of any principles, convictions, or opinions whatsoever.

Now any child must know that the swing of the political pendulum means not a change in the attitude of the whole electorate but only the shifting from one side to the other of a fraction—usually a small fraction—of the voters; and this fraction, in the very nature of things, must consist in the main of those persons who had not been intense partisans either on the one side or the other, but who, on the whole, had preferred the one party and had come to the conclusion that, on the whole, it was best to change to the other. To translate this familiar phenomenon into one "showing that the electorate is entirely devoid of any principles, convictions, or opinions whatsoever" is not only to commit a ludicrous logical error, but to display prejudice so blind as almost to constitute of itself a convincing demonstration of the author's irresponsibility.

Of irresponsible assertions of fact I will give just two or three instances. We are told, at three separate and distinct places (in somewhat different forms of expression), that "four-fifths of the world's wealth is at present expended on armaments." The statement, in those words, occurs at page 227 as a complete sentence, so that there is no possibility of translating it into anything like the truth; indeed, any escape from its literal meaning is made only more thoroughly impossible by the immediately preceding sentence:

> Not only have the predatory individualistic conditions of traditional civilization resulted in enormous overproduction, but a gigantic proportion of that production is applied to purposes which are in the highest degree antisocial.

At page 67 we are informed that at the pinnacle of Western civilization represented by the England of the Victorian age at its zenith, "predatory power had become extended to such a degree as set no limit to exploitation—no limit except the complete despoliation and destitution of the exploited." Of course, there is not a word to sustain the assertion; not a word to show that at the zenith of Victorian prosperity "the exploited" were worse off, in point of health, comfort, or happiness than they had been when little children were doomed to hard labor in mines and factories, when the hours of work for adult wage-earners were much longer, when the infantile death-rate was enormously greater, when there were no decent schools for the children of the masses, no great free hospitals, no public libraries. Of a different type is the assertion that Western civilization is "to the great majority of intelligent people an object of horror." This assertion Mr. Briffault would find no difficulty in maintaining; not, indeed by anything like a census of opinions, but by the simple process of defining his terms. If one means by "intelligent people," as Mr. Briffault undoubtedly does, people to whom Western civilization is an object of horror, the assertion above quoted is not only true, but an understatement of truth.

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Mr. Soule's book is as remarkable for moderation and care as Mr. Briffault's is for intemperance and recklessness. But it will be impossible for me, in the brief space which is still at my disposal, to give more than a very slight indication either of its contents or of its merits. Its moderation is not in the least akin to neutrality or "straddling"; the book is a strong and systematic and thoroughly well-constructed argument for the conversion of the existing system of almost unrestricted individualist competition into a system

To My Son On His Third Birthday

By JANE PIPER

THE acorn falls, the milkweed sails away,
The thin moons and the round moons golden rise;
With evening and with morning dew, each day
The grass is wet. Great rains splash down the skies.
The robin yields the fence post to the jay,
High overhead the great hawk circling flies;
In cool snow feathers, furry rabbits play . .
At dawn. I see these wonders with your eyes.

Or so I say, and so I would believe,
Watching beside me your small lighted face,
Noting the quiver of your hand. I live
Again in you, my childhood joy, retrace
Lost images. Your thoughts are fugitive
From mine forever, locked in a secret place.

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under which capitalistic enterprise will be subject to such regulation as will make great speculative profits impossible, will bring supply into a better relation to demand, and will put an end to those terrible swings of the business cycle whose devastating consequences we all, now for the first time, recognize in their full significance.

Mr. Soule does not shut his eyes to the beneficent aspects of the expansion of industrial productivity under the régime of individualist enterprise; nor does he ignore—though I think he does not fully appreciate—the difficulties which must be encountered in any attempt to effect a peaceful and gradual transformation of that régime into the régime of a "planned society." Such a transformation he thinks there is reason to hope may be possible; and such a transformation he is thoroughly convinced would effect a marvellous improvement in the character of human life, not only in its economic but also in its spiritual and cultural aspect. Of all this I am more than a little skeptical. But it would be fatuous to deny that some way of safeguarding mankind against the peril of such ghastly experiences as that through which the world is now going must be sought, and must in greater or less measure be found. To those who are thinking of this problem, and who are wise enough to wish to see its leading aspects presented with intelligence and fairness, with clarity and force, Mr. Soule's "A Planned Society" may be heartily commended.

A word in conclusion as to the character of what is being demonstrated in Russia may not be amiss. In the introductory portion of this article I spoke of the "inescapable logic" that is presented by "the fact of spectacular progress in the initial stages of the Soviet experiment." It seems worth while to point out that the logic of this fact does not constitute—as it is doubtless widely supposed to constitute—a triumphant demonstration of the soundness of the contention of communist agitators during the past four-score years and more. What they stressed above all else was the iniquity of the capitalist system in withholding from the workers the fruit of their labor; the burden that lay on the backs of the poor was the burden of robbery by the capitalists and the entrepreneurs. Yet one hears almost nothing of the wealth that has been poured into the laps of the Russian people since the capitalist robbers ceased to grab it. During the early years in which the communist experiment seemed to be a dead failure, the Soviet rulers themselves admitted that it wasn't going; but not once did they express any surprise that emancipation from capitalist robbery had not brought about the blessings that it ought naturally to have caused.

If the Soviet experiment shall succeed, it will succeed not as a triumph of distribution, but as a triumph of production. What has been effected since the introduction of the Five-Year Plan has been effected through the utilization of inventions, methods, machines, and professional skill imported from capitalist countries. These methods of mass production had not only been developed in capitalist countries, but had not been developed at all until the last few decades; and without them the Five-Year Plan would have been impossible. Thus the salvation of the first great communist experiment has been brought about by an agency whose very existence the apostles of communism in the nineteenth century could not have foreseen when they were clamoring for their new dispensation.

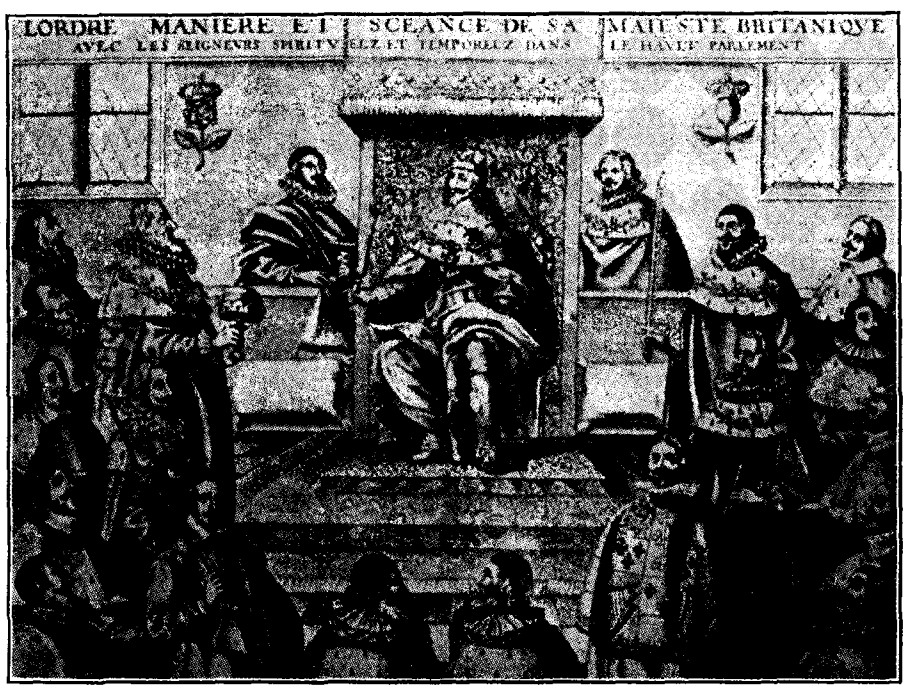
Countess de Martel de Janville, who made an international reputation as a novelist under the pseudonym Gyp, died recently at her home in France. She was a great-grandniece of the Marquis de Mirabeau of French Revolutionary fame, and was a prolific writer. Her romances, which number well over a hundred, are gay, witty, daring—piquant portrayals in satiric vein of a glittering Parisian society. Among the better known of her works are "Le Mariage de Chiffon," "Le Cœur de Pierrette," "Petit Bob," "Maman," and "Un Mariage Dernier Cri."

Milton's Left Hand

THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON. New York: Columbia University Press. Vols. III, IV, V, and VI. 1932. $10 per vol. Complete set of 18 vols. in 21, $105.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER M. WITHERSPOON
Yale University

THE publication of the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes of Milton's works brings almost halfway to completion the projected eighteen volumes of the Columbia Milton. The first two volumes (in four), published in 1931, contain Milton's poetry, both English and Latin; the present four volumes comprise the bulk of his English prose, and the remaining twelve will contain, among lesser matters, the two defenses of the English people, the Familiar Letters, the Letters of State, the Prolusions, and the posthumous "De Doctrina Christiana." There will also be a supplementary volume with a bibliography and a general index. The board of editors, headed by Professor Frank Allen Patterson, plans to complete the edition in 1936, and to bring out meanwhile new volumes every six months.



KING'S AND PRELATES WITH "A BONE IN THEIR NECK" AGAINST WHOM MILTON FULMINATED—KING CHARLES I AND HIS COURT.
From Wells's "Outline of History" (Macmillan).

There is a peculiar appropriateness in the appearance of the first complete edition of Milton at this time as it is exactly three hundred years since Milton first appeared in print. In the commendatory verses to the Shakespeare Folio of 1632 Milton made his bow to the world of letters with the charming lines beginning, "What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones." Three centuries of change and chance and circumstance have provided the youth who wrote those verses with many more volumes than belong to Shakespeare, and with a poetic fame second only, if second at all, to that of his master.

The general plan and particular excellences of the Columbia Milton, containing as it does the text and all the variant readings of all the authorized editions of Milton's works, as well as some hitherto unfamiliar material, is now well known to all students of Milton, and the first volumes have already proved themselves indispensable in the library and study. Milton has, thanks to the art of William Edwin Rudge and the care of the Columbia editors, been given a handsomer edition of his works than has fallen to the lot of any other of our great authors, and the beauty of the externals of the work, together with the scrupulous care that has attended every step of its production, has helped to make amends for the incredibly long delay which the English-speaking world has been guilty of in preparing a complete critical and definitive edition of both his poetry and his prose. There is a chaste and scholarly austerity about these volumes which indicates at once that this edition is not for popular use, even if the price of the edition did not in itself preclude such use. The text is the all-important matter, and the notes relate simply to the establishment of the text and to textual variants. If the editors seem at times rather too generous with their recording of every variant reading, they have as their justification their determination to make the critical apparatus as complete and exhaustive as possible.

The material which goes to make up these newly published volumes comes inevitably as an anticlimax after the poetry of the first two, and the succeeding volumes will be even more anticlimactic in interest. But this is inevitable. Milton's prose could not hope to rival in any way his majestic poetry. None realized this better than Milton himself, who referred to his prose as the work of his left hand. These writings are almost all controversial in nature, the work of a Milton terribly in earnest, neither asking for nor giving quarter—at times a Milton *furiosus* and *fumigabundus*. Most of his readers in 1932 deplore the methods and the language of his controversies, and consider the opprobrious terms he hurls at his opponents and assailants as unworthy of the Milton who in "Paradise Lost" spoke with the tongue of angels. But it must be remembered that though, like his master Shakespeare, he was not of an age but for all time, he was, nevertheless, a true child of his age, and that age was the most turbulent and controversial of centuries. It was a time when harsh words and harsh weapons were, or seemed to be, necessary to make kings and prelates know that they had a bone in their neck. Other times, other weapons. The weapons of the controversialists of the seventeenth century were rather of the order of the bludgeon and the blunderbuss than of the more subtle gas warfare of the twentieth century. To the criticisms of our more polite and refined age Milton would have retorted, "Was it a time for 'holiday and lady terms' when tyrants in both church and state were oppressing the liberties of the people? when temple and court were full of hirelings and money-changers? when a human being, born free and invested by his Maker with free will, was not permitted to exercise in matters that were nearest and dearest to him the right of free choice and free speech?" And so he battled with his enemies, kings and scholars and commoners, against new presbyter and old priest, for ancient liberty and against new license, for Christian liberty and against canon law, for freedom of conscience and intellect, of speech and action, in public and private. The very titles of his works contained in these volumes are redolent both of the spirit which urged him to battle and of the acrimony of the conflict,—"Eikonoklastes," "The Reason of Church Government Urged against Prelaty," "Of Reformation Touching Church Discipline," "The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth," "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," "Areopagitica," "A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing."

Few readers of the present day will find themselves in entire conformity with all Milton's views and arguments in any of these works, but the thoughtful and honest student, however he may disagree with some of Milton's contentions and objections or his manner of expression, cannot help admiring the independence of his mind, and the vigor and courage of heart which caused him to give his eyes and almost his life in the fight for what he thought was good and right. There is so much of the smoke of battle in these pages that we are likely to overlook the greatness of the cause and the courage of the fighter. And in our easy-going modern way we are too likely to accept unthinkingly the fruits of the victories which Milton and his compatriots fought for, and to enjoy ungratefully the harvest from fields fertilized by their blood.

Here, then, and in the volumes which are to follow, we have the work of Milton's left hand—but it is the left hand of John Milton. Even in these windy passages of battle and often in the dullest paragraph of one of the political tracts we hear suddenly immortal strains which only Milton could have sounded. In the midst of a tirade against "inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery," as in "The Reason of Church Government," there will be breathed a "devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases." Through the smoke of the conflict against the prelates because of their "ignoble hucksterage of piddling tithes," comes a Miltonic vision of Him who sits "in light and glory unapproachable, Parent of Angels and of Men." In the "Areopagitica," the greatest of man's pleas for freedom of speech and of the press, there is the reassuring conviction of the younger Milton—as refreshing in 1932 as in 1644—that

> though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. . . . For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, no stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defenses that error uses against her power: give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

In a time of hesitation and uncertainty, such as 1644 or 1932, when faith in all the institutions of government seems to be waning, it is reassuring to be given Milton's vision of "a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

Milton's prose, as we read it in these volumes of the Columbia Milton, speaks for itself, and illustrates again the essential unity of all his thought and work—a unity and nobility scarce achieved by any other man who ever used the English language. And the great problem to which Milton always addressed himself, whether in verse or prose, was that which is still the central and ever-pressing problem of democratic government in the twentieth century, the problem of liberty under authority, and the reconciliation of the exercise of the utmost personal freedom possible with the exigencies of self-control.

Edith Sitwell's book on "Bath" has been attracting attention in England. The cover-drawing shows Miss Sitwell "as a Muse or Goddess seated upon plump clouds above the city spires with Berninesque cherubs fluttering around." The whole affair is most baroque. But critics agree that Miss Sitwell brings Beau Nash to life most brilliantly, and "allowing for what seems to us the distortion of floodlighting Bath with the colored fires of modern romantic baroque, Miss Sitwell's essay earns our gratitude by its sparkle and fun, its huge collection of oddities and quaint anecdotes, and its bright scene-painting." The book is published by Faber & Faber.

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The Voice of Society

(*Continued from page* 837)

is known to millions who never heard his name as a synonym for good manners, a variety of top-coat, a kind of couch or sofa—and now a cigarette?

Yet doubtless in his pleasant, cynical fashion, he would not be displeased. To him the motto of New College in Oxford, "Manners maketh man," would probably have seemed—as it may be—the soundest of philosophy. Put in its crudest form, he taught that if one's manners are perfect, if all he does is in good taste and spirit, he cannot go far wrong; for that, if nothing else, will keep him from excess, from the vulgarity inseparable from excess, and the excess inseparable from vulgarity. It is, some have declared, a low philosophy, unworthy of the man of God who gave it to New College, as well as of a great aristocrat. In a famous phrase old Samuel Johnson once declared that Chesterfield strove to inculcate the manners of a dancing-master with the morals of a species of female not mentioned in polite society since the accession of Queen Victoria—and but little in polite literature for a long time before.

Yet William of Wykeham and Lord Chesterfield, different as they were, had two things in common with each other and with this generation. They were, though not quite in our sense, "behaviorists," however little that modern school has turned its attention to mere manners, or with small result. And they believed in education almost as firmly as we believe in it—yet once more with a difference, for though these letters for more than a century and a half, have been a guide to training men for what was once known—though we have dropped the adjective—as "polite" society, they have nothing to do with training the masses for citizenship. They were, indeed, vocational; they proposed to fit a man for courts and parliament and diplomacy, which, with the army and the church, and, possibly, the law, were the only professions then open to gentlemen.

From the great mass of advice which he showered on his son and his godson we may extract two examples of what he reckoned essential for that training. "Good morals, good manners, a *proper* share of classical learning and a *great one* of more useful modern knowledge," these he regards as the foundation. French, classics and history to about fifteen, then four years at, perhaps, Geneva, in the house of "some able professor of modern history or of the *belles lettres*, the law of nature or of nations," studying there German, Italian, and history, with dancing, fencing, and riding; then a year in the best academy in Paris; back to England by way of Flanders and Holland; then at twenty-four or five, two years in Italy and Germany—such was his recipe, and such, with variations, was the course of many youths of rank and fashion in the eighteenth century. But, above all, good breeding, which, "like charity," he wrote, "not only covers a multitude of faults, but, to a certain degree, supplies the lack of some virtues"; reading, reflection, choosing associates from among the best, shunning low society, studying to improve one's self in writing and speaking, cultivating discretion, judgment—and spelling—striving always to improve one's self and one's condition; such are the old, tried maxims of success.

Polonius uttered like sentiments, and before him, and since, almost every one has given such advice to young men starting out in life—and some young men have followed them with marked success.

Yet it is not for these that Chesterfield is remembered, and condemned—and read; but for his counsel on another problem which concerns this generation, shall we say too much? It has made him notorious, in Cowper's words as a

> polished and high-finished foe to truth,
> Grey-haired corrupter of our listening youth.

Over his teachings as to the relations of the sexes, much ink and temper has been spilt, all the more obvious observations made, and he has been attacked and defended for more than a century. Yet at long last two things enliven the dispute. The first is that his present editor has found that but eight times in four hundred and thirty letters does his advice regarding mistresses occur. The second is that it seems to have had proportional effect; for when his son died, Lord Chesterfield discovered for the first time that, so far from taking his advice, that son had been a virtuous husband for some years, with children of his own. It is a most disturbing thought—can it be possible that so much bad advice now showered on us is having no effect? Can it be that the false prophets are no more heeded than he?

By that advice and Johnson's diatribe, Lord Chesterfield is probably best known; yet it would be a great mistake to judge him by these alone, especially by the latter, whose greatest passage—as so often happens in masterpieces—is not true. For Chesterfield was a patron of letters as of art. He was a friend of authors, like Pope and Arbuthnot, even of Johnson himself; and of publishers like Dodsley and Faulkner. He wrote some of the best journalism of his time, in politics comparable with that of Swift, in literature with that of Addison. He was a collector of books and pictures, a great reader, a builder, and a gardener. He cut no inconsiderable figure in politics. He was twice a member of the House of Commons; he became one of the greatest speakers in the House of Lords, and the leader of the Opposition there. He helped to overthrow Sir Robert Walpole; he was long the adviser of Walpole's successors; he helped to bring in Pitt. He held a number of court offices; he was a privy councillor and a member of the cabinet; he had a brief, brilliant career in diplomacy and a briefer, if no less brilliant, experience as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; he might have been prime minister.

Yet his career, like his advice, had something in it of the irony of fate. His very talents were his undoing. He had a certain critical detachment like that of his grandfather, that great "Trimmer," the Earl of Halifax, the arbiter of the Revolution times, not unmixed with tenderness toward the Stuarts, of whom his other grandfather had been a devotee—a tenderness intensified, perhaps, by a comparison of Stuart manners with those of the Hanoverians. Belonging to a group which had made kings, and unmade them, he was too much a Whig aristocrat to be a first-rate courtier. He held himself above the dirty work of politics, as above the still less savory intrigues of the court.

But most of all he had too sharp a wit; such as had not been seen in England since Charles the Second's time. His description of Bubb Dodington, which begins: "With submission to my Lord Rochester, God made Dodington the coxcomb that he is; mere human nature could never have brought it about. He is a coxcomb superior to his parts, though his parts are superior to almost anybody's"; his dictum that "at the beginning, God created three different species, men, women, and Herveys"; his remark that, under the Hanoverians, "the crown of three kingdoms has shrunk into an electoral cap"; with a hundred more such biting criticisms, witness not only audacity and wit. They reveal two things. The first is that he was, in a sense, a man born out of his time; he was a Stuart in a Georgian period. The second is that since politicians, by virtue of their craft, must take, or seem to take, themselves, their professions, and even their opponents, seriously, no man with such a tongue and pen could ever finally succeed in politics.

Though he succeeded in diplomacy and even in administration, though his advice was sought—and taken—in affairs of weight, he naturally, like most men of letters, was of the opposition. Despite his worldliness, he had a certain high disdain of courts and parliaments on their worser side. He saw through them too easily, he would not take them seriously—and he could never hold his tongue from a sharp saying. He was not as wise as he was witty, nor as wicked as he was wise, much less was he as discreet as he was wicked; and though he preached discretion to his son, though he was trusted and consulted, he almost seemed to thrust aside his splendid opportunities. Either he did not care enough, or he disliked the Hanoverians too much.

Yet with that wordliness, that biting wit, that indifference, these are not the qualities which impress one most in reading the letters to his son and his godson; but rather those of loving tenderness, anxious to shield and guide, to instruct and help. He taught them all he knew; and somewhere behind that highly polished surface there was a gentle heart; somewhere in that epitome of wordliness which was Lord Chesterfield, there was a sensitive affection. To say that his vices were those of his time, his virtues were his own, is to excuse by accusation; nor would he have been grateful for such a dubious compliment. For, with all his rank and station, he strove zealously to improve himself; and in a peculiar sense he was a self-made man. He strove to improve his son and his godson by his experience; and no one can read these letters to "My dear boy," "My dear son," "My dear little boy," "My dear godson," especially that posthumous letter to the latter, which all young men should read, without a certain tenderness toward one who, with all his faults, was capable of such tenderness.

It was the crowning irony of an ironic life that at the last they failed him. One died after an inconspicuous career; the other remained a mere country gentleman of no great note. Neither justified his hopes or his attention. Even in his cynical remarks on marriage there is pathos. "There are," he wrote, "two objects in marriage, love or money. If you marry for love, you will certainly have some very happy days, and probably some very uneasy ones; if for money, you will have no happy days, and probably no uneasy ones." His world was too much for him and he took the easy way. Yet one must wonder whether, after all, he did not sometimes think that his dull son had somehow, after all, chosen the better part; or even his godson. "I have been young," he wrote in his last letter, "and a great deal too young. . . . But if my advice can make you wiser and better than I was at your age, I hope it may be some little atonement." So for his wit, not for his wickedness, for his high spirits and his charming style, but above all for his great tenderness, one should read these letters of one whose counsel was so much better than his life.

Wilbur Cortez Abbott, professor of history in Harvard University, is one of the authorities in this country on English political and social history.

Medicine and Culture

THE LAME, THE HALT, AND THE BLIND: The Vital Role of Medicine in the History of Civilization. By HOWARD W. HAGGARD, M.D. New York: Harper & Bros. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY R. VIETS, M.D.

DR. HAGGARD, who is associate professor of Applied Physiology at Yale University, wrote, a year or two ago, the most popular book on the history of medicine, "Devils, Drugs, and Doctors," that has ever been published. That book deserved its wide circulation. It was based on sound historical research, written in a style that would appeal to the average layman, and was cleverly produced with excellent illustrations. His present book, "The Lame, the Halt, and the Blind," is of much the same character. The historical background is equally sound, the style even better than that exhibited in the previous volume, and the illustrations, which form an important part of the book, are the best that could be obtained from the original sources.

In this volume Dr. Haggard has gone a little farther, as he now presents a definite protest against the way that history, as written by the ordinary historian, has neglected the importance of medicine. He points out that a recent large volume devoted to a general and popular survey of civilization, practically ignored the influence of the physician. This is, perhaps, not unnatural as many doctors, even, fail to appreciate as fully as they might the fundamental cultural aspect of their profession. Professor Haggard quotes President A. Lawrence Lowell:

> It is hardly an exaggeration to summarize the history of four hundred years by saying that the leading idea of a conquering nation in relation to the conquered was in 1600 to change their religion; in 1700 to change their laws; in 1800 to change their trade; and in 1900 to change their drainage. May we not say that on the prow of the conquering ship in these four hundred years, first stood the priest, then the lawyer, then the merchant, and finally the physician?

It is because of this neglect of the medical influences which have affected modern civilization, by historians in general, that Professor Haggard has written his recent book. He brings forward strong evidence to uphold his contention and much of it will be new to the average reader. The effects upon the world's progress of the great plagues; the profound influence of tuberculosis; how the discovery of modern anesthetics, the great contribution of America to medicine in general, affected hospitalization; and other similar subjects form interesting chapters in this book of outstanding worth. Ought not the reading public to be interested in America's Most Distinguished Woman, the First American Disease, the Terrible Minister of Death, the Dancing Mania, the King's Evil, a Reformer with a Sense of Humor, the Penalties of Ignorance,—to give only a few of the chapter headings? Of course, such a stimulating book will be widely read and richly it deserves to be a non-fiction leader, "more interesting than fiction."

Arthur H. Scribner

IN the death on July 3 of Arthur Hawley Scribner, president of Charles Scribner's Sons, the publishing world lost one of its best loved members, and publishing a follower whose practice never wavered from the high ideals he set for his profession. Mr. Scribner was the third son of the founder of the publishing house whose fortunes he guided as head from 1930 to his death. Born in 1859, he was graduated from Princeton in 1881, and entered at once upon his publishing career. He was a man of broad culture and wide interests, a lover of what was best in literature, and a connoisseur in books. An ardent Princeton man, Mr. Scribner was permanent president of his class and the founder and first president of the Ivy Club. He was intimately associated with the National Association of Book Publishers, and for a time a member of its Board of Directors and Executive Committee.

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

HINDOO HOLIDAY. By J. R. ACKERLY. *Viking.*

An entertaining account of the experience of an Englishman at the court of an Indian Maharajah.

MURDER AT MIDNIGHT. By R. A. J. WALLING. *Morrow.*

A good detective story.

REMBRANDT. By ARTHUR M. HINE. *Harvard University Press.*

In substance lectures delivered on the Charles Eliot Norton foundation at Harvard University last year.

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Cantankerous Memoirs

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE BÜLOW. Volume III. The World War and Germany's Collapse. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1932. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM L. LANGER
Harvard University

PRINCE Bülow probably found this volume of his reminiscences easier to write than either of the two preceding ones. In the others he had to present a defence of his own policy, not entirely a simple matter, though he did it with considerable assurance. But in this one he has only to pass judgment on his successor and to criticize and abuse, which is notoriously simpler than doing the right thing one's self. It should be admitted to begin with that there was some ground for faultfinding. It would seem to be the part of wisdom for governments to make use of the experience gained by statesmen of high rank, and Bülow is right in pointing out that under the English system in particular there is ample opportunity for a fallen minister to exercise his powers of suggestion and criticism. The German constitution or at any rate its practice made no allowance for such cases.

Bismarck was not officially heard, though unofficially he made more noise than was good for his reputation. Bülow was more discreet and made no effort to put himself forward. On the other hand the government relegated him to the back seat, so to speak, and on no important occasion asked for advice or counsel. The ex-chancellor was not called upon for public service excepting for his mission to Rome in the winter of 1914-1915, and then, if we are to believe him, every effort was made by the foreign office to squash the appointment, and it was, in any case, too late to do much good. Despite his efforts and despite his excellent connections in Rome, Bülow was unable to accomplish much. The Austrians were not as ready to part with Austrian territory as were the Germans, which was natural enough, and so the Italians joined the allies.

The Prince does not discuss his Roman mission in any detail. He asserverates again and again that the Austrians were obstinate fools and maintains that the German foreign office did nothing to bring pressure upon them in favor of baiting the Italians with the Trentino. This seems somewhat overdrawn, but let it pass. It gives Bülow an excellent opportunity to speak his mind about the German ambassador, Flotow, and particularly the German secretary for foreign affairs, Jagow. These two are made the scapegoats for German failure, while Erzberger, another pet aversion of Bülow's, is let off easier and given credit for being at least a well-intentioned, though vain and incompetent politician.

The most important theme dealt with in this volume of the "Memoirs" is, of course, the outbreak of the World War. Bülow is absolutely certain that he could have avoided it, even up to the time of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia. In his opinion the whole disaster was due to the wrong-headedness and complete lack of grasp of Bethmann. Again and again the Prince reverts to the ineptitude of Bethmann in giving the Austrians a blank check for action against Serbia, quite forgetting that he himself backed the Austrians to the hilt in 1908-1909. This was bad enough, but Bethmann's crowning sin, if we are to believe his predecessor, was that he continued to reckon on English neutrality, up to the last minute. He would have done better, in Bülow's opinion, if he had looked for the worst and had made the Austrians knuckle down, even when the Serbian reply to the ultimatum was handed in. All this is well enough. No one will deny that Bethmann made mistakes and that his confidence in England was a bit naive. Bülow might have conducted the negotiations with somewhat more *savoir faire* and *finesse*, and it is always conceivable that he might have wormed out of a bad mess while saving something of the German face. But this is mere speculation. It should always be remembered that Bülow was largely responsible for the estrangement of England, and that he had set the example of backing Austria.

It is hardly necessary to enter in detail upon the further contents of the book. The author has many criticisms of the conduct of German policy during the war. He paints a pathetic picture of the Emperor, carried away by events stronger than he and quite unable to live up to the conception of Cæsarism which he had outlined for himself. As for domestic affairs and the revolution, Bülow can speak of them only with pain. As might have been expected he is a firm adherent of the theory that Germany was not defeated on the battlefield but that the army was stabbed in the back by the socialists on the home front. Had Bethmann shown energy like Clemenceau's, had he put down with an iron hand all signs of defeatism and subversive propaganda, all this might not have occurred. But the revolution came. It would have taken more than a Michaelis or a Hertling or a Max von Baden to stop it. The socialists took control, and what a mess they made of it! Only an Erzberger could have been naive enough to believe that the new German régime would receive anything but vengeful treatment at the hands of the victorious allies. And so it goes. There is another side to all these questions, and no student will be prepared to accept Bülow's estimates without serious reservations.

In Alabama

THE STORE. By T. S. STRIBLING. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

WITH a bitter and veracious shaping of his rich material, T. S. Stribling has written in his new novel, "The Store," the story of a town and a man in the stagnation years in the South after the Civil War. He draws a sharp picture of Florence, Alabama, a town with only the pretense and the memory of dignity, and a town in which all desire save prurience and cheap acquisition leads either to baseness or death.

In this both mean and dreamy Alabama town which shouted happily and drunkenly for Grover Cleveland, low tariffs, and white supremacy, Mr. Stribling has found his powerful theme in no melodrama but in the essential conflict which has marked the South since the Civil War overturned a whole system of living. His drama grows out of two strangely correlated aspirations: the aspiration of the old, uprooted aristocrat to rebuild his lost civilization, and the desire of the intelligent, often aristocratically blooded, Negro to advance himself in the new. Essentially the story is their conflict with the mass of ignorant and prejudiced whites around them.

Mr. Stribling has built his fine book about this theme and about the life of Colonel Miltiades Vaiden, former overseer, Confederate officer, and Klan leader, who embodies it. The Colonel reinstates his fallen fortunes and seeks to reinstate the former spaciousness of the South by the obvious expedients of blackmail and theft. Having blackmailed himself into a position of trust, he loads a river steamer with 500 bales of cotton belonging to his merchant employer, ships it to New Orleans, and pockets the proceeds of its sale. With the help of his Negro half-sister, who is, unknown to him, also the mother of his son, he retains the bulk of his gains. The story moves through the death of his fat wife and his marriage to the young daughter of an old sweetheart, to the near loss of his new prosperity. The book ends with the lynching, as the result of the Colonel's own act, of his "white nigger" son. This story moves slowly with the growth of fine detail which gradually reveals the volcano of humanity beneath the lazy surface life.

T. S. STRIBLING.

Colonel Vaiden, as Mr. Stribling has drawn his complex character, remains conceivably a gentleman through all his dishonesty. He would steal, justifying himself, from his white employer but he would never, as his employer wished him, give short weight or short change to a Negro customer in the store. The merchant's attitude toward the Negro is that of simple exploitation while the Colonel's is that of a man dealing with children whose lives he may dispose of as he wills. He still retains the just, but insensitive, attitude of the slave owner to the slave. In his drawing of his principal Negro characters Mr. Stribling has not been so successful. His bitterness against their treatment has betrayed him into a sentimental attitude toward them which to a considerable extent robs them of individuality and, to a degree, robs the book of a moving quality which it would have had if the reader fully believed in them. The minor figures among the Negroes, as among the whites, are drawn with both fidelity and vividness.

"The Store" would have profited had Mr. Stribling been a little less the crusader. Nevertheless it is easy to forgive him this preoccupation with white injustice and black resignation, because of the fierce, convincing sincerity which he gives to his novel. The book is always interesting, often amusing, and frequently penetrating. Southerners who cast a nostalgic eye toward the past will not like it, but those who read it as a tale, rich in character, rich in understanding, will find it one of the few novels conceived and written with power that have appeared in America in the desolate literary period of the depression.

Twilight of the Antilles

TROPIC SEED. By ALEC WAUGH. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1932. $2.

DARK DAWN. By J. GIBSON TAYLOR, JR. New York: The Mohawk Press. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

A CHARM, rather morbid, perhaps, curiously haunting in times like our own, hangs over that period and scene in which French dominion in the West Indies, or at least the most significant part of it, was just about to be crushed and swept under by the black wave. The tropical loveliness of old "Saint Domingue" was, of course, the same as that of Haiti today. That intriguing mixture of French and African, of the elegant and primitive, which now we see in its passive decadence, was then —in the latter years of the eighteenth century—in what might be called its dynamic stage; a living drama of hot lusts, slumbering hates, gathering tragedy. The blacks, peasants now, drowsing out their uneventful lives in the tangled hills, were then still slaves, still coming over from Africa, through the hells of the Middle Passage. The ruling class, now a small-town *élite* of colored lawyers, doctors, journalists, and petty politicians, was then a French landed aristocracy living a spacious, florid, carefree life, only a generation away, perhaps, from the pirate ship on the one hand or the old-country château on the other. The economically stagnant little island of today was then France's richest colony; a sort of bonanza-land, where everybody—if white, that is to say—was supposed to get rich and do as he pleased.

Broad acres and black bodies, sugar, coffee, and rum; easy morals at home and easy money to squander in Paris; the lingering elegances of the *ancien régime* crossed with the animalism of the jungle, and the whipping-post, chains, and the tortures of the wheel set against the exquisite beauty of the Antilles. Over all the languor and loveliness, hung a constantly darkening sense of impending doom, which only served to quicken the macabre dance of love and death.

It is to this interesting and almost untouched period that the authors of "Dark Dawn" and "Tropic Seed" address themselves—Mr. Taylor wholly, Mr. Waugh through the greater part of his book—without doing a great deal to bring it to life.

Mr. Taylor's novel is of the synthetic variety. He has visited Haiti and read some of the literature about it, and out of this he builds a workmanlike enough romance between a cultivated young Frenchman who comes out to run a family estate, shortly before the slave uprising, and a headstrong Creole beauty, spoiled daughter of a neighboring plantation-owner. The various ingredients, including a brief glimpse of the execution of the heroic mulattoes, Oge and Chavannes, are introduced in due order. There is a touch of Voodoo, and a midnight orgy, equal in

ILLUSTRATION FROM AN OLD VOLUME, "ANECDOTES OF THE WEST INDIES."

sexual content to and honester, if somewhat less ingenious, than the fictional efforts of the redoubtable Seabrooke. The young lovers have their troubles, and finally escape, in the glare of burning plantations, in a narrative which, while readable enough, never permits the reader to forget that the author is manufacturing an historical novel.

Mr. Waugh is rather more accomplished as a novelist than his colleague of the moment, but instead of concentrating on one group of characters chooses to follow a French adventurer's line from the early part of the seventeenth century down to the present. The notion is that the piratical instincts of the first of the line, one Roger Vaisseau, who joined the Tortuga "boucaniers" roundabout 1650, crop out in his descendents, both male and female, during the next two hundred and fifty years, so that the French "big business man," François Doublon, and the Chicago gangster, "Beaknose" Othie, the last members of the family whom we meet, are only counterparts in modern clothes of their hard-boiled ancestor.

The tendency of the Vaisseau stock to breed to type—in the necessarily scrappy fashion in which, in a brief novel like this, the lives of twelve generations must be handled—is less interesting and significant than the social situations in which the long succession of characters finds themselves. Thus there is the pirate, the slave-trader, the planter, and so on, and the various matings, legitimate and otherwise, in both the male and female lines, down through the years. Mr. Waugh has evidently been at some pains with his source material, and his history and social comment, as far as it goes, would appear to be sound. The many descendants of Roger Vaisseau are, in the nature of things, crayon sketches rather than finished portraits, but the long gallery is interesting in all its separate parts and together serves as at least a start in recreating a curiously little known scene and time.

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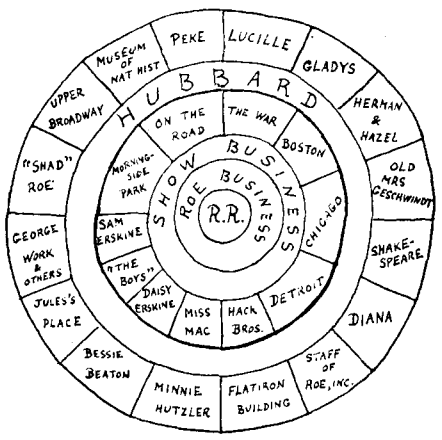
The Bowling Green

Human Being

XXV. DIAGRAM

"YOU mustn't suppose," Hubbard said, "that I haven't tried to approach this story in an orderly way. Here's a diagram I made, but I haven't said much about it because when I showed it to Minnie Hutzler she seemed to think it was rather cold-blooded. But I had to adopt some device to visualize what was in my mind. Of course this is crude and incomplete, but at least it shows you the way I'm trying to work backward and inward. We spoke of the biography as a kind of Round Robin. Well, in that Round Robin there are concentric rings. The outside one represents testimony available Now, after Richard's death. The narrow ring inside that symbolizes *me*, the biographer, because obviously all the evidence, from whatever source, comes through me and is presumably influenced by my imperfections as a transmitter. The next circle records the critical episodes of Richard's life in the Erskine business. Within that—previous to that, I should say—we go back to the show business. Then we have sufficient perspective to come forward again, in time, and see Richard in the last days of the stationery traffic. We go round each of these rings in turn before we come to Richard himself in the center—and what he was doing on that ferryboat."

"You're not particularly good at drawing free-hand piston-rings," I said.



"I expected you'd say that. I took the trouble to get a compass and draw some nice accurate circles. Naturally that was my instinct as a C. P. A., to make everything neat. Then I decided I liked my wobbly sketch better. More like real life. Perhaps they ought to be polygons anyhow, instead of circles. Every time I get a new slant on Richard it's like adding a new side to the polygon—but no matter how many sides you add to the circumscribed polygon you never quite reach the perfect circle of Meaning. Geometry's pretty grand when you stop and think about it.—I don't mind your laughing at my silly little diagram: I know it's silly myself. There's no very satisfying way of making a map of human life on paper. At least I would need another dimension to suggest the to-and-fro of chronology."

"I'm not laughing," I said. "Only smiling. Lots of silly little things have been very helpful in great affairs. The philosopher Kant had an incredibly absurd contraption of tapes and tackle for supporting his stockings from his shoulders; wearing garters, he believed, interfered with the circulation and molested the intellect."

I examined his synoptic diagram and could see that he had been following the rotations rather faithfully. "This reference to Diana," I said. "Who is she: I don't seem to remember your speaking about her?"

"That's Diana on the old Madison Square Garden—gone to Philadelphia now, they tell me. (What's she's doing there I can't imagine. She and the statue of William Penn won't get on so well together.) I told you that the Roe office in the Flatiron Building had a fine view of Diana. But I haven't dealt with that yet. I've got to soon, but I dread it. One of those little human foolishnesses that meant a good deal to the people concerned and probably seem trivial to anyone else."

It was thrilling to me to see Hubbard developing a sense of triviality. I thought, but did not dismay him by saying, that he had undertaken the hardest job in the world—mending roads or painting pictures is nothing to it. He gazed broodingly at the little circles in his drawing. I could imagine him almost hypnotizing himself with them. Evidently he had some inward vision of what the Life and Times of Richard Roe ought to mean: he was gradually getting it into his head as a musician masters a symphony before a recital—until he can feel it beforehand, finger by finger. When he plays it he is also actually singing it inside his mind.

"Well anyhow," he said, "that's the target I'm shooting at. There's a pretty good chance I'll never get anywhere near the bull's eye." He put the drawing away in his pocket. "I'm having dinner with Lucille tonight. She puzzles me. She seems to have forgotten already that there ever was such a person as Richard."

"That also may have its significance," I suggested.

"But good heavens, he's only been dead six months. She seems to have no conception of him whatever except as he was useful to her. When that stopped, he stopped altogether. I'm getting some cold turkey on the regardlessness of our scheme of things. You know how hard Richard worked to sell those novels written by Hampton. It was steady plugging like that that made Hampton a valuable moving picture property and brought him a fortune. Well, just for fun I wrote Hampton, asked if he knew anything about Roe. He didn't remember even having heard of him."

⁂ ⁂

It's queer to consider that the so-called Brass Ring episode, which was for Shad just a casual and entertaining frolic (one of a hundred such) had profound effects on Richard. The details of the incident are irrelevant here, but they struck him at a moment when he was in very unstable equilibrium. When he came to, in the lonely midafternoon hours of a hotel Sunday, a great bubble of darkness and horror ballooned up in his mind and burst in shuddering disgust. He sat on the edge of his bed with stinging eyes and considered himself only worthy a goblet of iodine. The lively Shad, to whom remorse was an unknown symptom, called up presently—ostensibly to report on the bedfast condition of the midgets, but really to discover how badly Richard had been bruised by his fall from grace. Richard, somewhat embarrassed, inquired what was the name of the Brass Ring. "Her name?" cried the comedian, "I haven't the slightest idea. It didn't seem to be her name that you were interested in." The queerest of poor Richard's horrors was that he felt he had been false to Minnie rather than Lucille, for all that day—the very day romanticized by the purchase of the garters—Minnie had been much in his mind. But time went on and no fragments of outraged sky dropped on him. He remembered a famous story of the Erskine office, of the melodramatic punishment of Gene Vogelsang on a trans-continental trip. In office tradition it was always ascribed to the fact that Gene, on his way to the Coast, had a berth in a car called *Nemesis*, but was too unclassical to realize this might be an omen. Briefly and crudely: in the diner he met a lady; they approved of each other; she told him the location of her couch. As the train rumbled through a Rocky Mountain night he found his way to her car, several removed from his own. Thus he missed the information that at some junction point the caravan divided. His own car, with his baggage, went on as planned, to Denver; whereas Mr. Vogelsang found himself presently, with no gear but slippers and dressing-gown, on his way (appropriately) to Salt Lake. But even this rather obvious form of rebuke seemed to have passed Richard by. A new and strange thought came to him: if he could have something he didn't want, and the heavens not fall, why was it so impossible to have something he greatly desired?

⁂ ⁂

The next time Shad was in New York he himself was At Liberty and low in funds whereas Richard had had a raise in salary. To Lucille's great delight they were moving to the coveted Upper West Side, and Shad was invited to dinner the last night in the little apartment near Morningside Park. There was more mischief than malice in Shad, but Lucille's innocent gloating over their rise in fortune may have prompted some jealousy on his part. Relating the evening on North Clark Street he remarked "You should have seen Dick carrying an actress under each arm."

"You might add they were midgets," said Richard mildly; but Lucille was already on edge with packing and housework. The ground had been laid for a really lively argument, for at the annual picnic of the Erskine employees that summer Daisy had taken occasion to sow a little mustard seed in Lucille's ear. One of the few advantages of the European War was that it finally ended the Erskine picnics. Theoretically these affairs were to bring all the Erskine staff and their wives and children together in a genial expedition. A steamer was chartered to take them all for an outing up the Hudson. "The whole Erskine family," they liked to call themselves, and the family character of the outing was emphasized by the various quarrels that were started or aggravated. Somewhere near the storm center of these squalls you could expect to find Daisy. Sam Erskine found that it took at least two weeks to get his salesmen's morale back to normal after one of these picnics, because their wives were taking it out of them at home. At the famous picnic of 1916, the last that was held, Daisy had gone out of her way to give Lucille an account of her visit to Detroit. "I don't think you should allow your husband to carry such strong medicine with him, Mrs. Roe," was her way of putting it. "It really isn't safe; that woman he had in his room at the hotel was made quite ill by it." This would have gone further, but about that time young Gladys, aged then about five, discovered a hornet's nest.

Memories of the picnic provided lively discussion. Late that evening, after Shad left, Richard went for a farewell stroll. He was sorry to leave Morningside Park

STATUE OF BEAR AND FAUN
Drawn by Franklin Abbott.

and particularly the statue of Bear and Faun past which he and Gladys had walked so often. The move uphill and the quarrel precipitated by Shad seemed definitely the end of an era.

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Keats Letter

Robert Lynd, writing in the London *News Chronicle*, reports that among the manuscripts included in the Luther Brewer Collection of autograph letters which has recently been presented to the Keats Museum at Hempstead is a letter written nearly nine years after the poet's death by Fanny Brawne to Charles Brown in response to his request for permission to use some material referring to her in a prospective biography. The letter is remarkable enough to merit quotation at considerable length. We excerpt from it the following:

> I fear the kindest act would be to let him rest forever in the obscurity to which unhappy circumstances have condemned him. Will the writings that remain of his rescue him from it? You can tell better than I, and are more impartial on the subject, for my wish has long been that his name, his very name could be forgotten by every one but myself. That I have often wished most intensely. To your publishing his poems addressed to me I do not see there can be any objection, after the subject has been once alluded to, if you think them worthy of him.
>
> I entirely agree with you that if his life is to be published no fact ought to be kept back, for all you can show is his character, his life was too short and too unfortunate for anything else. I have no doubt that his talents would have been great, not the less for their being developed rather late, which I believe was the case. All I fear is whether he has left enough to make people believe that. If I could think so I should consider it right to make that sacrifice to his reputation that I now do to your kind motives. Not that even the establishment of his fame would give me the pleasure it ought.
>
> Without claiming too much constancy for myself, I may truly say that he is well remembered by me, and that satisfied with that I could wish no one but myself knew that he had ever existed, but I confess as he was so much calumniated and suffered so much from it, it is perhaps the duty of those who loved and valued him to vindicate him also, and if that can be done, all the friends that time has left him and I above all must be deeply indebted to you.
>
> I am glad you feel that Mr. Hunt gives him a weakness of character that only belonged to his ill-health. Mr. Hazlitt, if I remember rightly some remarks used five or six years ago, is still more positive in fixing it on him. I should be glad if you would disprove. I was a very poor judge of character ten years ago, and probably overrated every good quality he had, but surely they go too far on the other side.
>
> After all, he was but four-and-twenty when his illness begun, and he had gone through a great deal of vexation before. . . . (Letter ends, other sheet missing.)

Mr. Lynd adds to this epistle the statement that "One of the most curious sentences in the letter is one which the writer crossed out with her pen, but which is still legible. This occurs in the passage in which Fanny expresses the wish that Keats's name could be forgotten by everyone but herself, and runs:

> I was more generous ten years ago. I should not now like the odium of being connected with one who was working up his way against poverty and every sort of abuse.

"Sir Sidney Colvin appears to have heard that, before her marriage to Mr. Lindo, Fanny had said that the kindest thing to Keats's memory would be to let it die, but now for the first time we have documentary evidence on the subject."

Not until the *Saturday Review* was off the press last week did the editors notice that Winslow Homer's name, used in the caption to a picture, had been printed in reverse order.

Escape Literature Again

(Continued from page 838)

gathering dust in the stockroom. Surely there is no reason to believe that a public which, when it is obliged to draw in its purse-strings, rejects the less good for the best would not in times of plenty gladly dispense with the poorer for the better.

During the summer months the Editorials will be written by Mr. Benét and Miss Loveman.

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THERAPY AND PERSONALITY

Integrated Personality

THE WHOLESOME PERSONALITY. By WILLIAM H. BURNHAM. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD SACHS, M.D.

FOR a number of years Professor Burnham's volume, "The Normal Mind," has been on the reviewer's shelves. That book was well planned, properly subdivided, and to each chapter were appended a careful summary and a full bibliography. It was a convenient book of reference in this troublesome domain of psychology, education, mental hygiene, and what not. As Emeritus, the same author has found the time and the urge to write a volume of 713 pages on the "Wholesome Personality." In construction, in summaries and bibliographies, in style, in format, the two books are like brothers, seven years apart; the younger, stouter than the older.

The reader would naturally be interested to know, "What is a wholesome personality?" Is it what you and I might think —just a healthy, all-round, common sense individual, or is it something far more recondite and mysterious?

The emphasis is evidently on the first syllable—*whole*some. It is the integrated personality—its preservation and development that are the "basic principles" of the present volume. Like many others, the author is evidently infatuated with this "integration" concept, but it is not easy to infer exactly what "integration" implies. "The essential characteristic of integration is the power of adaptation or coördinated activity in relation to any situation"—but evidently all this may go wrong, for the author in his preface states that he "wishes to present the scientific conception of the normal intergrated personality, the conditions that seem favorable to its wholesome development and also . . . conditions likely to produce personality disorders."

The reader, or the student, will do well to weigh all that is said regarding integration, and in trying to find out what it really means, he will find able discussions on the various factors of personality, on subjective attitudes, objective attitudes, on disintegrating conditions; and under these various headings he will find hidden away a lot of interesting information intermingled with refreshing illustrations partly from personal experiences of the author; and incidentally he may quote the author's enviable and unusual familiarity with modern literature. His wide reading has not always led to clarity of expression.

In the Development of the Ego (Chapter II) we read, "For intelligence we have to some degree a quantitative standard, by which we can at least, more or less, adequately control observation"—and a little further on "Placed in what seems to the child an intolerable situation, sometimes a serious mental disorder is the defense for the child, hysteria, or even perhaps an incipient form of epilepsy"—an imperfect thought, imperfectly expressed. But after all, these are minor failings which may be disregarded.

The sixth chapter, on the wholesome personality, is the key to this treatise. The author tries to define all the phases of integration. Beginning with the simplest facts of life, the first "coördinated or integrated" response is the sucking reflex; this is integration at a low level—the animal level, let us say—with no intimation however, of the cerebral activity exhibited by a dog who learns to obey a simple command and when given a coin and told "tobacco" is sufficiently "integrated" to go miles to fetch his master's tobacco. Evidently even in animals there are various "integration levels." Integration in the human at a high level is "Lindbergh's trip across the Atlantic"—but what about the purposive actions and achievements of the millions of ordinary mortals who are neither suckling babes nor aviation aces? There must be integration levels galore in between.

The author himself finds "integration" a difficult bolus to swallow—for "while the wholesome personality is integrated, the integrated personality, according to mature standards, may not always be wholesome. The individual, for example, may be thoroughly selfish with integration entirely about the ego." Why not drop this whole integration quibbling and just state that a wholesome personality interests itself less in the ego than in others? When it is stated that "all forms of purposive activity involve attention which is itself integration and in all forms of education integration is apparently enhanced by expression of itself in attention" we get a hint of what integration implies and feel that it is a house of cards, put up to be knocked down.

The older psychologists had little to say about integration, but they did write intelligently about such unmodern functions as attention, concentration, purposive activities, and the like. To be sure, Burnham concedes that "attention represents at least temporary integration of the personality." The author writes simply of children's tasks and of the importance of giving even the youngest a set task—a task upon which to concentrate and to feel a satisfaction when achieved—that also illustrates "normal integration."

The section on Adjustment is readable and sensible. There is much said in it of the training of the emotions, of the expression and repression of emotion, and finally the author is bold enough to give two concrete examples of a "wholesome personality integrated at a high level of intelligence"—he refers to Edmund C. Sanford and G. Stanley Hall. The former had in marked degree "the mental wholeness and integrity of personality together with the poise, straightforwardness, and serenity characteristic of it"—but his most noticeable characteristic was "the integration of his personality." And, as for Stanley Hall, whom many of us still remember, he "as an example of the integrated personality showed a certain uniqueness that impressed all who met him." He was free of many inhibitions, set himself a definite task, laid out a straight course for himself and followed it, made friends and enemies, but achieved his purpose. Even the two concrete examples, however, leave one dangling in mid-air as to an "integrated personality."

The reviewer has the advantage over the author of being able to cite President Butler's recent characterization of George Washington as an excellent example of a wholesome personality:

> He was neither a demi-god nor a super-man. He was an ordinary person, hampered by human passions and limitations—*but he so ordered his character and temperament, and so disciplined his mind* (italics mine), that he made of ordinary human materials a product which perhaps is without equal in history.

I hope Professor Burnham will allow this to pass as an additional example of an "integrated personality."

William James spoke of the "reigning half-way modes of thought." Integration appears to the reviewer to be one of them, but number 9 of Burnham's summary gives the reader an inkling of what is meant. "The great means of preserving and developing the wholesome personality is attentive, coördinated activity, physical and mental"—in plain English, thought and action, to a definite (honorable) purpose. "No satisfaction is so constant and universal as this (pleasure of achievement) resulting from successful purposive activity."

Every phase of the personality problem is treated in great detail, and since there is even a section on automobile psychoses, the book is surely up to date. But some of us might smile at the author's statement that neurotic drivers and pedestrians alike are dangerous. There are surely more of the latter than of the former. In fact, we New Yorkers think that the average chauffeur has nerve enough to have "no nerves."

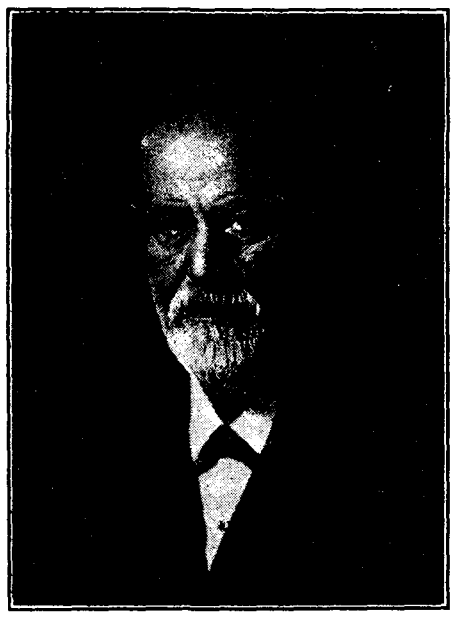
The author's narrative style and numerous happy illustrations are a reminder of William James, and even at this decadent day this is meant to be high praise. But the student who is to use this volume as a text-book might wish that the author had followed his great predecessor's suggestion in the preface to "Psychology" that beginners omit Chapters X Y Z. The average reader of Burnham's book will help himself by studying the summaries at the end of each chapter, and the many youthful psychologists of both sexes will learn from this volume that a proper appreciation of psychology entails a lot of difficult reading and some logical thinking.

Psychoanalysis

THE MEDICAL VALUE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. By FRANZ ALEXANDER, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1932. $2.75.

Reviewed by SAMUEL D. SCHMALHAUSEN

DR. ALEXANDER'S is one of the few first rate minds in the field of psychoanalysis. More's the pity that he feels it incumbent upon him to out-Freud Freud in his analytic orthodoxy. He writes with a most extraordinary clarity and cogency so that the reader is enormously impressed by his presentation. Why he feels it either fair or wise to ignore the corrective psychoanalytic points of view of distinguished psychologists like Rank, Adler, Jung, Stekel, Rivers, Hollingworth, and of eminent anthropologists favorable to, but critical of, psychoanalytic doctrine like



SIGMUND FREUD.

Malinowski, Mead, Briffault, Goldenweiser, is beyond my thoughtful comprehension.

As a consequence of his dogmatic stress on purely orthodox Freudianism, Dr. Alexander does, to be sure, succeed in giving the illusion of a neatly elaborated science available for medical and educational uses. This illusion, thanks to oversimplification, can only produce later traumatic shocks when the specialist (to whom the book is primarily addressed) comes upon criticisms and crucial departures for which Dr. Alexander's one hundred per cent loyalty to Freud offers no anticipatory preparation.

Dr. Alexander's signal achievement resides in his interlinking of psychoanalytic therapy with the total personality. So far as I am aware, he is the first of the orthodox anaylists to appreciate the need of rescuing analytic therapy from its old bad habit of fragmentation and fractional dissection of the mind, the theoretic and therapeutic value of associating Freudian psychotherapy with the personality as a whole. This emphasis brings Freudianism much closer to all the other dynamic psychologies, including the Gestalt point of view, the functional and dynamic psychology of the academic schools, the organismic approach of certain American schools of biologists and psychologists, and, most important of all, builds a bridge of accommodation between the pedagogically important movements for mental Hygiene and reëducation and the psychoanalytic philosophy of behavior.

I cannot imagine a better intellectual exercise for every specialist in psychology, whether medical or lay, than to read Professor Carl Murchison's marvellously enlightening "Psychologies of 1930." There you will find all the "schools" represented, including chapters on Psychoanalysis and (note this!) on Soviet Psychiatry. Professor J. C. Flugel of the University of London has a cautious and critical study entitled "Psychoanalysis: Its Status and Promise." From his paper you will gather a much more complex perception of the unsolved scientific difficulties that still clutter up the psychoanalytic way of thinking. Dr. Alexander, on the contrary, definitely leaves the impression that psychoanalysis has solved its scientific predicament and is therefore unquestionably entitled to a co-equal status with the more mature and more precise sciences, like biology and physiology for example.

And if the curious reader should happen to read the article by Kornilov of the Moscow State University entitled "Psychology in the Light of Dialectic Materialism," he will be pleasantly surprised at the rich content of sociologic and more radically Marxian subject matter which every modern psychology, if it is to consider itself at all mature and adequate, must grapple with and incorporate into its dynamic system.

The key to these primary differences (and sources of brilliant controversy) is expressed in Dr. Alexander's concluding remark, in urging upon the medical profession the proper appreciation and specialized study of Freudian psychoanalysis, when he says: "The significance of this innovation [in the medical curriculum] would be that the medical school would accept the view that the human system is not merely biological, but psycho-biological, and that training in medicine should consequently be based on the knowledge of the personality as well as of the body."

There's the rub! If it be true—and it is true—that the body cannot be adequately understood, from a therapeutic point of view, except in the larger terms of the personality as a whole; if we now know it to be true that biology alone is not sufficient to unravel the pains and predicaments the human organism is liable to, but that psychology, psycho-biology, represents the deeper approach not only to psychoneurotic plight but also to presumably purely organic malaise; why are the psychoanalysts so blind as not to perceive the next step in this widening psychology of personality, to wit, the interpretation of personality as a whole in terms of the larger social and cultural context which the dynamic sociologists and the functional anthropologists illuminate so profoundly?

In other words, the psycho-biological point of view is inadequate and fractional, too; adequacy in psychoanalytic theory and therapy cannot be attained until the psycho-sociological approach to personality is adopted.

The book under review will make splendid supplementary reading for those medical and lay students and specialists who are already well acquainted with Freud's "Introductory Lectures" and Alexander's monograph, "The Psychoanalysis of the Total Personality." For corrective insights, from a sociological and anthropological point of view, Dewey's "Human Nature and Conduct" and Boas's "Anthropology and Modern Life" are invaluable.

Richard von Kühlmann, who was once Foreign Minister of Germany, and whose "Thoughts on Germany" presented his views on the politics and psychology of his country, has now written a novel in which he portrays life among aristocratic circles in his native land. It is entitled "Der Kettenträger: Deutsches Leben um 1930" (Berlin: Fischer), which is somewhat of a misnomer since the society the story depicts differs very little from that of the pre-War period. The movements which have so occupied the masses during the last few years enter hardly at all into the tale; it is the past rather than the present which engages Herr Von Kühlmann's attention.

The French Academy recently issued a Grammar of which 100,000 copies are said to have been sold on the day of publication .

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Biography

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER. Apostle of the Indies. By MARGARET YEO. Macmillan. 1932. $2.25.

Mrs. Yeo is primarily interested in presenting the story of a historic personality. She endeavors to examine the life of a great missionary saint from the modern angle. Seldom, and then as if by accident, she seems to preach from a text along the lines of religious apologetic. She finds that this Basque nobleman of the sixteenth century, justly acclaimed as one of the greatest Christian missionaries since the days of Paul of Tarsus, was by no means a ready-made saint. He sometimes manifested the faults of hot temper, of blinding enthusiasm, of an imagination that tended to run riot. But he was intensely devoted to the practice of continual prayer. In making a final analysis of his sanctity Mrs. Yeo discounts his amazing energy, his miracles, his conversions, his unending travels. She considers that his unbroken union with God is the outstanding fact of his life.

She leaves one or two problems unsolved. She fails to explain the apparent coolness existing between Ignatius and Xavier in the missionary years when the latter was longing for a letter from his Father General. She refuses to face the problem of the alleged Xavierian authorship of the famous hymn *O Deus ego amo te* and contents herself with the cautious statement that it was certainly struck in the Xavierian mint. She notes the singular fact, without offering any theory to explain it, that in this saint's life no woman, no saintly nun, no feminine guide, philosopher, or friend along the ways of holiness had ever any part.

On the subject of the miracles she writes warily, pointing out that in matters of this kind the Catholic Church claims from her literary children no more than the tribute of prudence and respect. Relying on this principle of criticism, she boldly rejects several of the Xavierian miracles, especially some of those related at the official process of canonization. As to the famous story that Xavier possessed the gift of tongues whereby a Japanese congregation understood a sermon delivered by him in Portuguese, she pays the prudent tribute of respect by pointing out that the only real evidence a Catholic has of its credibility is that it is mentioned in the bull of canonization.

Mrs. Yeo, obviously a devout Catholic, has written a biography of a Catholic saint which is marked by a strangely pleasing mixture of detachment and devotion. The whole atmosphere of the book is refreshingly modern.

CHRISTOPHER STRONG. By GILBERT FRANKAU. Dutton. 1932. $2.50.

Sir Christopher Strong was the silent exemplification of his surname until he met Lady Felicity Darrington, the daring auto-racer and aviatrix. He was smug, he was complacent, he always checked his wrist-watch by every clock he saw, he was satisfied with his millions. She made him human; and Mr. Frankau misses no tricks in this portrayal of a favorite theme. No situation is too trite for him, no manœuvre too stale, no idea too threadbare. By page thirty-six the reader has all the material he needs to visualize the inevitable outcome. If he cares to continue it is his own outlook. But Miss Kay Francis would make an excellent Lady Darrington.

A PREFACE TO DEATH. By FRED ROTHERMELL. Little, Brown. 1932. $2.50.

This novel is symptomatic of a condition that affects many American writers. It is well-observed, more than competently executed, the dialogue is vividly naturalistic, the cerebration is above the average. But despite this slick quality, despite a racy narrative that maintains a constant hold on the reader, the book is hollow: it rises to no heights and touches no depths—it is more than apt to raise the annihilating question: "What of it?"

Homer Vondorn, a brilliant astronomer, has in the course of many arduous years run himself into the ground. He has incipient tuberculosis, and in momentary panic for once submits to the inevitable and retires to a sanitorium in New Mexico. Here he is crushed by the stagnation of institutional life, meets the sympathetic Juno and with her goes into the desert, abandoning home, family, and every obligation. A year in the desert works him no good, and with his left lung completely gone, he arranges to continue his astronomical work at a nearby observatory—this is his deathknell.

That is all there is to the plot, but there is enough here to make a novel of considerable depth and power: here is what D. H. Lawrence has called man's "inherent sense of purpose" in its defiance of woman's feeling, the bare facts of sane living, death itself. But Mr. Rothermell has made little of it; little more than a facile tale to pass an idle hour. Little information about Homer, about Georgianna, his wife, about Juno is vouchsafed—little really "inside information," though they are all accurately reported from the outside. Their story is no more than a bare recital of precisely what they said, precisely what they did. A novelist of more depth would have given more.

TAXI HEAVEN. By *Pat O'Mara*. Vanguard. $2.

THE ARMS ABOVE THE DOOR. By *Carlton Bailey Hurst*. Dodd, Mead.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS. By *Ernest Hemingway*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

THE SPORTSMAN ON THE SOFA. By *Frank Durfey*. Covici-Friede. $2.

SECOND FLIGHT. By *Nalbro Bartley*. Farrar & Rinehart, $2 net.

VOICES FROM THE DUST. By *Jeffery Farnol*. Little, Brown. $2.50.

DWELLERS IN THE MIRAGE. By *A. Merritt*. Liveright. $2.

Miscellaneous

A CONCORDANCE TO THE POEMS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By GEORGE SHELTON HUBBARD. Wilson. 1932. $6.

While some have been writing poetic biographies of Emerson, and others have been analyzing him as an exponent of American thought, Professor Hubbell has been studying him microscopically, line by line, and word by word. He has labored patiently and, it is evident, lovingly, out of his own affection for Emerson's poetry. The result is a book which will be on the shelves of the rather special and admirable few who can quote accurately or inaccurately the first lines of "The Concord Hymn" or the last of "Terminus." Professor Hubbell's "Concordance" will, in brief, be a boon to the lovers of Emerson's poetry. Would that he would undertake one for the prose. But this work of honest scholarship is interesting in another way. Is it not the first Concordance, with sole reference to a distinct if small body of American poetry? Professor Hubbell is to be congratulated that his devotion to Emerson has begotten so substantial and tangible an aid for others' study of the poet.

HANDBOOK OF DESIGNS AND DEVICES: Geometric Elements. By CLARENCE PEARSON HORNUNG. New York: Harper Bros. 1932. $6.

Symbolism in design is to most designers and printers an obscure and baffling subject. There is, so far as I know, no adequate general treatise on the subject, although there are several handbooks on book endeavors to furnish a great variety of geometrical designs, arranged in a systematic way, for the guidance and help of the designer. The circle, the square, the triangle, the cross, the swastica, the fret, and other basic *motifs* are each presented with hundreds of variations and developments.

The 1836 variations on the above elements of design are presented by means of black-and-white drawings, divided into sections according to the basic *motif*. The drawing of the designs is mechanical, but sharp and clear, and the printing of the volume is in an interestingly modern manner. If one might offer a criticism it is that the scholarly paraphenalia which one would like to see is entirely absent: an interesting opportunity for literary and artistic exegesis has been missed.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Compiled by *A. E. Brown* and *H. A. Jeffcott, Jr.* Viking. $1.

MORE SCOTCH, or It's Smart to Be Thrifty. Compiled by *Angus J. MacTavish*. Edited by *F. Gregory Hartswick*. MacSimon and MacSchuster. $1.

NAME YOUR TEN AND COUNT YOUR POINTS. By *Harold Matson* and *Virginia Swain*. Vanguard. $1.

I COVER THE WATERFRONT. By *Max Miller*. Dutton. $2.50.

A NEW WAY TO BETTER GOLF. By *Alex J. Morrison*. Simon & Schuster. $2.

THE ROAD TO RICHES. By *Joseph Stagg Lawrence*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.50.

THE OPENING OF THE HOUSE. By *Abbot Peterson*. Beacon Press. $1.10.

THE STRUCTURE OF INSANITY. By *Trigant Burrow*. London: Kegan Paul.

AMERICAN ROWING. By *Robert F. Kelley*. Putnam. $3.75.

THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE STATE CULT OF CONFUCIUS. Century. $4.

ASSOCIATION THEORY TODAY. By *Edward S. Robinson*. Century. $2

CHRISTIANITY AND INTERNATIONALISM. By *John Nibb*. London: Stock.

Notes of a Rapid Reader

The first volume of *The Collected Essays and Papers of Robert Bridges* was completed with Numbers 8, 9 and 10 published together in a little book by the Oxford University Press. This volume contains his phonetic alphabet which is used throughout the essays on Dante, Emily Brontë, and Dryden. It is a perfectly sane and rationally authentic system, and nobody after Mr. Bridges will ever use it. * * * James Fenimore Cooper's last story to appear in print in his lifetime was called *The Lake Gun*. It is a very mild narrative of mysterious happenings on Lake Seneca intended to carry an allegory of what happens to demagogues. The editor, Robert E. Spiller, thinks that the demagogue aimed at was Seward but it seems, upon reading, at least probable that Cooper had only general American conditions in mind. The story has been reprinted in good format by William Farquahar Payson. * * * The International Publishers of New York have published a timely reprint of the speeches in Geneva of the Soviet representative Litvinov favoring disarmament, entitled *The Soviet's Fight for Disarmament*. * * * Those who are reading studies of the Russian economic system should see Benjamin A. Javits's *Business and the Public Interest* (Macmillan, $2.50) which is a study of American economic conditions with a plan that substitutes coöperation for the present competition. The author is said to be a pioneer in the field of industrial planning and he believes that our own reforms must come through the voluntary action of industry rather than through government agencies. * * * Sir J. G. Fraser, the author of *The Golden Bough* writes a brief foreword to J. A. MacCulloch's *Medieval Faith and Fable* (Marshall, Jones). This book is an *omnium gatherum* of material drawn from a wide range of sources illustrating the survivals of Paganism, the belief in demons, the cult of the Virgin and of saints and of relics and of the Host and many other aspects of faith and life and fear in the Middle Ages. It is a learned book rich in highly interesting citations and likely to be a quarry for other scholars in this field and for historians of the Middle Ages. * * * By all odds the best of the Nudist books is *On Going Naked*, by Jan Gay, with fifty photographic studies (Holborn House, New York, $2). The author who has had a penchant for going naked since early youth tells not only of her own experiences but also of her study of the practice of Nudism in the various European countries. It is the first book published here with a sense of humor and which answers the questions which one naturally asks as to the effect upon chastity as well as upon health of the Nudist life. There is a bibliography of the various books on Nudism and Nudist periodicals and a directory of Nudist clubs. Some of the photographs are very beautiful. Those who are interested in Nudism either because they want to practice nudity or because the psychology or the physiology of the movement seems to be important will find this book really useful. * * * King & Sons of London have just published *American Thought in the Seventeenth Century*, by E. A. J. Johnson (12 shillings). The author states that while the political and religious contributions of our Colonial era have been carefully appraised yet little study has been made of their economic aspirations. He believes that by the middle of the 19th century a wide gulf separated the economic thought in America and Europe and that this was partly due to the curious fact that America in the 17th century was one of the last outposts of medieval economic thought, that is, an attempt was made here which failed to make economic activity conform with the moral pattern, yet this attempt has colored all later American economic development.

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Foreign Literature

Croce and His Critics

STORIA DI EUROPA NEL SECOLO DECIMONONO. By BENEDETTO CROCE. Bari: Giuseppe Laterza & Figli. 1932.

Reviewed by IRENE DE ROBILANT

OVER twelve thousand copies of Mr. Croce's latest book have been sold in less than four months, surpassing all best sellers in either fiction or biography on the Italian market, and establishing a record figure for an author whose appeal has until recent years been limited to the *intelligentsia* of his own as well as other nations.

In every way the forty odd volumes of Benedetto Croce's published works have had a deep and growing influence on the Italian reading public, although the results may be somewhat different from what the Neapolitan thinker actually hoped for.

In no way do we find Croce "writing down" to his larger audiences; he has not eliminated technical terms nor clarified the sentences, which are often painfully long, in order to become popular and easily read. It is instead evident that thousands of people who have never read the "Estetica," who are not among the four thousand subscribers of Croce's bimonthly *Critica*, have unconsciously imbibed his theories and have a sufficient understanding of the idealistic conception of history to be able to read Croce when he chooses to discuss subjects of such wide appeal as those contained in his recent books.

This, as well as political contingencies, explains the popularity of the "History of Italy from 1814 to 1914" of which the record sale has already been exceeded by the latest volume.

The "History of Europe during the Nineteenth Century" implies intimate acquaintance with the events as well as with the literary movements which preceded and accompanied them. The century from its inception with Napoleon's downfall to its conclusion with the World War is covered in the 362 pages of publisher Laterza's well margined, clearly printed "octavo." A brief epilogue summarizes conditions since the war and devotes a few hopeful lines to the future.

"History is little else but the story of human thought or philosophy," and as such Europe's one hundred years are analyzed in the light of the progress of liberalism, "the religion of liberty" which had become a natural aspiration among all people, starting with the least progressive such as the Spaniards who, among other things, were the first to coin the word "liberal" as opposed to the existing "servil."

The "religion of liberty" is a kindly and progressive sense of humanity which binds and gives spiritual unity to the facts and episodes carefully recorded by encyclopedias and writers of "informative works." Insignificant and disappointing as many of them doubtlessly were, they all seem to find a place in the grandiose setting and shine in the reflected glory of the new and well established faith.

In the Church of Rome the author sees the "most direct and logical negation of the liberal idea," and while he condemns prejudice and persecution as anti-liberal he ironically analyzes the decline of Catholic influence and prestige, especially since the Church has served as a refuge for weak and vanquished minds and for "shady and untrustworthy spiritual adventurers." In this sentence Giovanni Papini, former iconoclast and contemporary convert, saw a direct allusion to himself and in the "Nuova Antologia" for March 1 took up the cudgels against Croce, staging a clever if not persuasive defense of Catholicism and incidentally of himself.

Every leading Italian daily published a signed article refuting the theory of a liberal faith and minimizing the utterances of the "prophet of a new religion." Some articles presented fairly well grounded objections, others dismissed the subject by declaring the book seditious and the author a public enemy.

Gioachino Volpe's introduction to the revised edition of his history of Italy (L'Italia in Cammino II. Ed. Treves, Treccani, Tumminelli, Roma) is doubtless the best confutation from the nationalistic angle and will probably be widely used by those who in present-day conditions see nothing but the failure of past achievement, the fatal crumbling of the once exalted gods.

That there is ample motive for discouragement and skepticism is in no way denied by Croce. He believes that the "war for democracy" in no way fulfilled its promise, that the victorious nations were guilty in Versailles of the same crimes which they had indignantly and righteously denounced in the German oligarchy, and that error was piled upon error in the futile attempt to have justice and liberty emerge. The consequences are with us now, and yet many hopeful signs can be detected by the thoughtful observer. Disarmament conferences may fail, constructive treaties be wrecked on the rocks of egotistical nationalism, but the necessity of disarming or attaining an international consciousness are daily gaining ground in the minds of all peoples. The trampled goddess of liberty has worshippers among people in all countries who have overcome geographical limitations in order to think internationally in the true sense of the word.

Communism, the greatest among all anti-liberal movements has, according to Croce, already failed. In the particular conditions of the Russian people he admits that it may have been inevitable, and that one can but admire the manner in which they have shouldered the tremendous burden, and the great material work accomplished under conditions which few people would have been capable of enduring. Ironically enough while Marx theorized about the abolition of the State, and the "passing from a state of necessity to one of liberty," the Soviet Republics have built the heaviest state machinery to have existed until this day.

That many institutions should appear obsolete in the changing world seems to the author obvious. New systems of government, new men will emerge and make use of the experience of the present which can in no way be useless, but technical experts and politicians will work in vain if they are not inspired and directed by "liberty which prepares and maintains the intellectual environment which constructive work requires."

Foreign Notes

JACQUES CHARDONNE in his "Claire" (Paris: Grasset) proves again that he is a writer of subtlety and charm. His novel, simulating a semi-journal form, is loosely held together, but it presents with felicity of style even if in somewhat elusive fashion the story of the relations between a young girl and a middle-aged planter from Borneo. The couple pass from friendship to a liaison and ultimately to marrige, only to have their union terminated by the death of Claire in childbirth. The book is shot through with philosophizing and aphorisms.

* *

The second volume of Gustav Stresemann's "Vermächtnis" (Berlin: Ullstein) has recently appeared. It carries the account of his political activities from the beginning of 1925 to Germany's entrance into the League of Nations in September, 1926. Like the earlier volume it is of high interest to the historian. The book includes a number of extracts from Stresemann's diary and speeches setting forth his opinions on literary and historical matters.

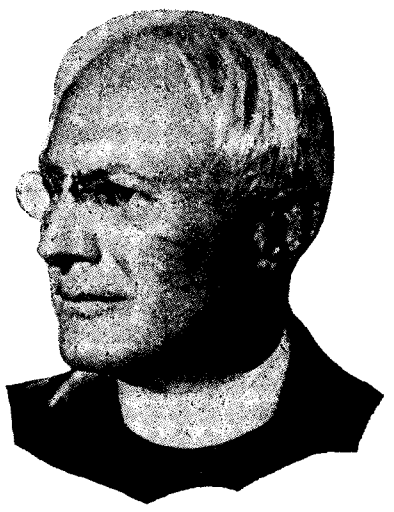
* *

A new book by Count Hermann Keyserling has recently appeared in Germany. In "Südamerikanische Meditationen" (Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt) the author of the "Travel Diary of a Philosopher" sets forth his impressions on South America to the accompaniment of general comment and discussion.

* *

André Maurois is at present working on a book dealing with King Edward and the Edwardian period, and George Macaulay Trevelyan has completed the second volume of his "England under Queen Anne." It is entitled "Ramilies and the Union with Scotland" and will appear in the Fall.

WHAT WE LIVE BY



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Points of View

The Straight Road

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Away from the clang and roar of our "divinely insane town" one has leisure to ponder our economic ills, and Munich invites a mood of reflection. It makes one laugh to think how we have been preyed upon by countless Cagliostros, all the more because in the United States we had clothed time and country with a legend of infallibility.

I can't resist sending you Gogol's thought in "Dead Souls":

"Many mistakes have been made in the world which now one would hardly think a child could make. How many crooked, narrow, impassable blind alleys, leading far off the track, has mankind chosen in the effort to reach the eternal verity, while before him the straight road lay open like the road that leads to a magnificent mansion destined to be a royal palace! It is broader and more splendid than all the other paths, with the sun lighting it up by day and many lights by night. But men have streamed past it in blind darkness. And how many times even when guided by understanding that has been given them from heaven, they have managed even then to halt and go astray, have managed in the light of day to get into the impassable jungle, have managed to throw a blinding fog again over one another's eyes, and lured by will-of-the-wisps have succeeded in reaching the brink of the abyss, only to ask one another with horror: 'Where is the way out? Where is the road?' The present generation sees everything clearly, marvels at the errors and laughs at the follies of its forefathers, not seeing that there are streaks of heavenly light in that history, that every letter in it cries aloud to them, that on all sides a pointing finger is turned upon it, upon the present generation. But the present generation laughs and proudly, self-confidently enters upon a series of fresh errors at which their descendents will laugh again in their turn."

I suspect that our descendents will have fun enough laughing at today's comedy of errors.

JOHN A. POLLARD.

Munich, Germany.

Aino Kallas

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In a recent book by E. Alexander Powell called "Where the Tourist Seldom Goes," dealing with countries little frequented by tourists, Col. Powell mentions Estonia and Latvia.

I will venture to say the literature of these countries is also neglected to a great extent. Who in America, for instance, knows the name of Aino Kallas, a Finnish authoress who writes of these countries? Madame Kallas is the wife of an Estonian scientist and diplomat, and author of "Eros the Slayer," a volume containing two stories that are undoubtedly great, tragic tales of power and intensely emotional, tales that are exalting.

John Galsworthy, who wrote a preface to a collection of her short stories, "The White Ship," has spoken of Aino Kallas as "one of the strongest and most individual of living writers."

Here is a writer ably translated by Alex Matson that will be worth while getting acquainted with.

MILDRED H. KEENAN.

New York City.

Not a Yahoo

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

It is interesting, but not encouraging, to see that Isidor Schneider, in the poem "Gulliver Swift" (at least, I suppose from the form that it is a poem), appearing in the *Saturday Review* for June 25, continues the old misinterpretation of Gulliver. But perhaps the poet has not read Gulliver lately.

The Yahoos, of course, are not meant to be Swift's idea of human beings. Even the Yahoos themselves, although they recognized some sort of affinity in Gulliver, did not regard him as quite one of themselves. The Houyhnhnms, those weird Humanists of another clime, did not identify Gulliver with the Yahoos. And only when Gulliver had been subjected to an overdose of Houyhnhnm *Humanism* was he mad enough to regard his fellow men as Yahoos.

The Yahoos represented Swift's idea of what humanity would be if it followed the primitive emotions, passions, and desires. The Houyhnhnms represented intelligence and virtue without humanity. Both were, it seems to me, equally absurd to Swift; and he made them absurd in his tale. The human being, to Swift, was animal *rationis capax*.—That is trite, and yet people will not realize it!

Gulliver stands between Houyhnhnm and Yahoo. He is too much Yahoo, of course, to be intelligent in all things; but he is too intelligent to "walk every step in ordure."

The Voyages to Lilliput and Brobdingnag show what Swift thought of man as man; the Voyage to Laputa shows what Swift thought of man as a worker of puzzles and a doer of things not worth doing; the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms shows what Swift thought of various philosophical ideas of his day—and ours. To insist that Swift regarded man as a Yahoo is simply to misunderstand the clearest prose ever written; for Gulliver, the man, was not a Yahoo.

And to say, even in queer poems, that Swift went mad because he thought he was a Yahoo, is as intelligent as to say that Emerson went mad because he thought he was Plato. Poetry, even of this sort, might amuse itself with things that require less penetration.

Titusville, Pa. S. A. NOCK.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In both the May twenty-eighth and the *June twenty-fifth issues of The Saturday Review of Literature* appear a letter captioned, "O'Neill on Freudianism." As the author of the thesis on "O'Neill's Use of Modern Psychology" in his plays, may I call attention to the sentence in this letter, beginning "Even 'The Emperor Jones,' contrary to Mr. O'Neill's recollections, in his first printed version contained one or two phrases which showed his interest in the new doctoring, although these phrases were removed in later editions?" The play in question is "Beyond the Horizon"; not "The Emperor Jones." In the former play an early edition contains this sentence, "I suppose the mental science fellows would explain it by self-hypnosis." For some reason or other, this sentence does not appear in the 1925 edition containing, "Beyond the Horizon," "The Straw," and "Before Breakfast."

Professor Nethercot and I have had correspondence concerning his letter in *The Saturday Review*, and we both would like to have a note made of this change in plays, for we recognize in "The Emperor Jones" but a quite normal portrayal of fear psychology.

MARTHA CAROLYN SPARROW.

Aberdeen, South Dakota.

Alas!

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Truth is Mighty and Must Prevail, so, though it hurts, I must inform Mr William Chauvenel that the Mount Tamalpais Railroad is no more

Tourists now make the grade in a Hunka Tin.

Mill Valley, Calif. JOHN ADAIR.

French Playwrights

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

May I complete your notice for your reader V. M. O. Beres (issue of March 19th, 1932) who asks who are the present day French playwrights of importance. You insist on: Sacha Guitry, Jules Romaine, Tristan Bernard (whose famous play is not "L'Anglaise Qu'on Parle," a funny misprint for "L'Anglais Tel Qu'on Le Parle"). In my opinion the following playwrights are greater figures: Raynal with "Le Maître de Son Coeur" and "Un *Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe*," "Amiel with "La Souriante Mme. Beudet" and "Mr. et Mme. un Tel," Vildrac with "Mme. Béliard" and "La Brouville," Crommelynck with "Le Cocu Magnifigne." These are great artists with a deep insight into our poor human heart. There is also a group of interesting playwrights who are less mature: Zimmer, Steve Passeur, M. Achard, etc. If your reader wishes for further information, I should be glad to help him.

F. DELATTE.

46 Lincoln Street, Brussels.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

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On Board S. S. *Majestic*
off the Needles.

THE *Ocean Times* informs me that in Chicago politics are on the boil. I refuse to believe it, or to credit anything in all creation less calm than this blue world where the week long the *Majestic* set up a Truce of God. The deck steward has just asked my mother if he could do anything to make her more comfortable; yes, she said, would he please tip the ship a trifle; ever since New York it had been so steady that from her deck chair she could not see the water. If I go below, the room steward may be beguiled to pause in mid-flight and tell me tales of his past as a deep-sea diver. When I remember C-150 on the *Majestic* I will see two worlds of water; one rippling blue to the horizon through the port, and through the open door, past a grey head and a white coat, a world of deep green dusk, with one great-footed, strange-snouted human creature peering in at the ports of restless ships come at last to rest.

In accordance with custom long-established by this department, I have the honor to report upon steamer reading, left this year to chance and the gifts of my friends and coming out admirably in the process. There was "The Face of England," by Edward Blunden (Longmans, Green), one of the English Heritage series, ideal for anyone going this way and probably heartbreaking for British exiles unable to wangle a visit home. It is in the form of sketches scattered through a year's weather, touching on English birds, flowers, and customs according to season, with poems and a running thread of rustic character. There was "Puppets in Yorkshire," by Walter Wilkinson (Stokes); where I have been all this time never to have heard of him before, I can't imagine. He lives in Chelsea and owns a one-man puppet-show, a superior sort of Punch-and-Judy; this he sets upon a handbarrow, and with himself in the shafts goes up and down England gathering honest pence at market crosses and in haphazard playhouses, using the by-products in books. No one sees a place better than one who earns his living there if ever so briefly; he makes Yorkshire live on the page for the reader—and perhaps I know rather more about this part of the country than some travelling Americans, for it was here I first set foot on English soil a great while ago, and here that I learned —what most of us will discover with a shock from this book—that Charlotte Brontë's Keighley is not known as Kayley or Keeley, but under the unpredictable guise of Keethley.

Both these books are good material for the noblest of deck-sports, contemplation —for which rich provision has been this year made. Is there not "The Fountain" (Knopf) by which Charles Morgan has fulfilled the hopes and rewarded the prayers of those who read with such emotion his earlier novel? This is a book that can neither be hurried nor put quite aside, claiming the reader's mind even in intervals between readings. Best of all, it suspends reading altogether by sudden paragraphs that may come almost anywhere, when the heavens open and truth for the moment looks out. All this, too, in a love story.

Then there was the July *Harper's*, and if *Harper's* has been as good as this all the year, I have missed far too much by sticking altogether to books. I read most of it aloud, and it stood up against the scenery. And there was Helen Follett's "Magic Portholes" (Macmillan), in a bright jacket with West Indian women in red-striped skirts striding across the end-papers. In this a daughter (the same Barbara who wrote "The House Without Windows"; she is fourteen in this book) runs away to sea, starting second-class to Barbados, and—here is the point—taking her mother with her. Mothers and daughters never travel really successfully together on equal terms: for true success, daughters must take mothers along, at their own invitation, at the speed and over the road of their own free choice. "Come with me," says Youth, once in a long, long while and always without warning, to Middle Age; if the latter then tries to make terms, or lets anything else in the world get in the way of this incredible invitation, the chance is gone forever. The mother who writes this book of travel closed with her chance, went along on a rough, colorful, magical sea-trip from one island to another over half the world; she writes now as much for stay-at-home mothers as for the travellers young and old to whom the book is addressed; for not all these invitations to "come along" take a parent to the South Seas; sometimes they let me for a moment into another mind. It would be a sad thing to look back afterward and see that one had been missed because it was inconvenient. Possibly I have an extra liking for "Magic Portholes" because I am crossing this ocean with a cable in my pocket: "Indignantly deny altruistic or filial motives in securing travelling companion for Welsh mountains: everything arranged."

THEY say—indeed for months they have been saying—that we are due for a strong rally in "Westerns": stock your shelves with them, booksellers are being told, for it is these and no others that the public will soon be delighting to honor. I wonder if the taste for "Westerns" did ever really pall? It was near enough to a year ago that *L. A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.*, sent me, out of a clear sky, his treasured collection of short stories by Eugene Manlove Rhodes, clipped from magazines and carefully mounted, with a letter urging me to taste and see if they would not induce in me that liking for cowboy fiction in which I had admitted myself congenitally deficient. Who could resist an invitation so truly from the heart? And now comes an announcement from James B. O'Neill, 1228 S. Flower St., Los Angeles, to the effect that the Bar Cross Edition of the works of Eugene Manlove Rhodes is in process of publication in ten volumes, type and size of book chosen especially for the comfort of the "old-timer, to be read with ease even by eyes dimmed with long years of desert sun." The printing, he says, and I well believe it, responds to a demand that has existed for some years with growing intensity. Invitation to subscribe is extended "to those who have known and loved the doings of John Wesley "Also Ran" Pringle, of Jeff Bransford, of Aforesaid Smith, of Johnny Dines, and the others for twenty years or more; to those who have lived in the scenes of action and tragedy and beauty in the ranges of the San Andreas, the Mogollon, and the Cuchillo; whose riding days carried them from San Diego to San Antonio, from Laredo to the Platte; and to those who, born too late for such glory or tied to the Wheel of Existence too far away, have found their ideal of man-life in the unwritten code of the Bar Cross Men, and in the battle-cry of Johnny Dines: "Only two out!" Now that's what I call a prospectus; commended to owners of private presses who ask me what they should print. Find something you can write about from the heart in a spirit as warm as this, and you'll long to buy a press just to get it back into type.

H. *C. R., Olive View, Cal.*, is interested in poetry written by women, *"Can you tell me of any book that would introduce me to the women poets of the ages? Surely they cannot be so many? And is there a one-volume Amy Lowell?"* "The Answering Voice" (Macmillan) may not sweep the ages, but it is a touchingly beautiful compilation of love poems by women, chosen with rare sympathy by Sara Teasdale. It stands a better chance of being representative of women as poets than one of the old-fashioned anthologies intended to show what women could do in the poetry line. There is no edition of Amy Lowell complete in one volume, but Houghton Mifflin publishes a volume of "Selected Poems" that makes an inspiring and provocative introduction to her works.

I KNEW Phoebe Snow would rally some supporters. "Surely," says *A. W., Copley Square, Boston,* "M. M. R. of New Haven must be very young not to have beguiled weary hours on what the impertinent Cornellians dubbed the 'Delay, Linger, and Wait' by meditation on the elegance of Phoebe, in those ante-bellum days when the test of a real lady was her ability to eat a ripe peach on an express train, without removing or soiling her gloves.

"Now do you remember those Plymouth Rock Pants widely and gaily advertised in Boston for the price of three (*sic*) dollars? I believe it was Mr. Deland who set his wit to work to produce many an apt rhyme in their honor, one of which still comforts me in moments of gloom:

When the Panthunter, pantless, panteth for pants,
He pants for the best Pant the pantmarket grants;
But he panteth, unpanted, until he implants
Himself in a pair of Plymouth Rock Pants.

"Some of these should be included in your anthology, as well as the adventures of 'Sir Piggy de Deerfoot, that gay cavalier,' who used to offer himself to the public so touchingly in the guise of succulent sausage." "Antediluvian," New York, contributes a set of verses, somewhat motheaten in spots, but enough to bring back to other Noachites a ballad beginning:

Says Humpty, what is this I see
In yonder first-class grocery?
A can of Ganz's famed Sea Foam?
That's just the stuff I need at home.

So Humpty the directions read,
And tried to make a loaf of bread
Of Sea Foam he put in too much—
The way that bread rose beat the Dutch!

Poor Humpty feared to lose his prize,
So jumped on board to stop the rise;
Which was a reckless thing to do—
For up went Humpty Dumpty too!

The rest of it describes him parachuting back to the grocery from high up in the planetary system. He must have been a glutton for punishment. "Antediluvian" says that this was on a series of the colored picture-cards once avidly collected by American youth.

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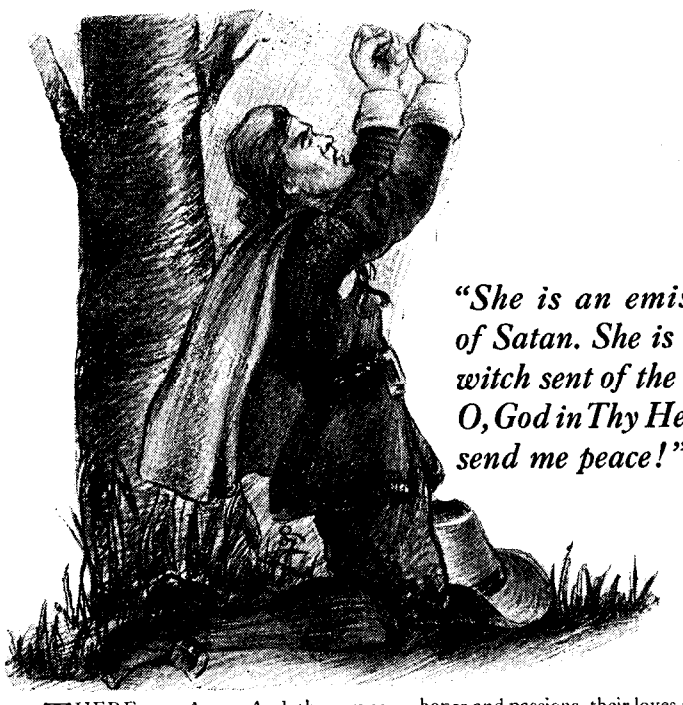

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

The PHŒNIX NEST

WE were very glad to note the space given by the daily press to comment upon the recent death of *Kenneth Grahame*, writer of few books but all immortal. "The Wind in the Willows," particularly will remain a perpetual delight to generations. In the last English *Who's Who*, that of 1929, a tiny reference to this genius is tucked away at the bottom of one page, below a Right Honorable and a Lieutenant Colonel whose notices take up large space. We read merely that Kenneth Grahame was born in Edinburgh in 1859, married, when twenty, Elspeth, daughter of the late Robert Thomson of Edinburgh, and wrote "Pagan Papers," 1893, "The Golden Age," 1895, "Dream Days," 1898, and "The Wind in the Willows" (which A. A. Milne made into a play, "Mr. Toad") ten years later. *Clubs:* Garrick, Royal Fowey Yacht. That is all! Yet we prefer Grahame's evocations of childhood even to Barrie's, and his work stands unique in English letters. . . .

Grahame was by birth a Scotsman. In the 'nineties there were a number of Scotch writers of achievement. Strangely enough—or not so strangely, whichever way you look at it—Grahame excelled in mathematics. From thirty-nine to the age of forty-nine he was Secretary to the Bank of England. For almost a quarter of a century thereafter he had been living quietly in Berkshire, while literary reputations waxed and waned. He is sure of his immortality. . . .

And speaking of memories of childhood, we are glad to print the following contributed by *Katharine Shepard Hayden:*

MEMORIES OF A CHILDHOOD SUMMER SPENT ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN, NEAR BURLINGTON, VERMONT.

I have no memory of any air
Of such a brew as that across this lake.
(There was a stolen mountain sweetness there)
In the bright winds that made the waters break
In light, gold rhythms on our lonely beach.
The Adirondacks made a silhouette
Dark and heroic, far above the reach
Ol silver lake at sunset. There was wet
Mysterious marsh where the blue herons stood
Deep in the sworded reeds; and meadows clipped
To lawn by cattle edged the virgin wood.
There on the earth we lay, while evening slipped
Out of the east, so redolent and far .
And wished our wills upon the wishing star.

Gotham House of 66 Fifth Avenue has published the first complete translation into English of the original trial records of *Jeanne d'Arc.* The work was done by *W. P. Barrett,* one of England's most distinguished Latin scholars. *Frank Rennie,* a brother of *James Rennie,* the well-known actor, has contributed twelve full page drawings to illustrate the book. . . .

Madeleine Ruthven has written us from Culver City that

> I've never been fortunate enough to meet a Phoenix, but last summer in the Big Sur country, which Robinson Jeffers has made famous, I did see a water ousel—which is almost as rare.

We print her lines, that sight of the bird inspired:

The water ousel is a bird
Whose muted call is rarely heard.

Where water sparkles over sand
He comes to dance his saraband.

Archaically he bobs and bows,
Performing for indifferent cows.

A modest bird, he is too shy
To etch his wings against the sky.

His sudden flight above the stream
Is level as a shadow's beam.

A moment you may see him dance,
But if he spies your quickest glance

With one swift stroke he skims the glade
And vanishes within the shade.

We were a bit startled to read recently that *Edgar Allan Poe* had just been married in Philadelphia. It turned out that Mr. Poe is a grandnephew of the poet and is also a former State Senator and Attorney General of Maryland. He is sixty years old and has been married before. . . .

"Does this inflame the Nest?" asks our own *Christopher Morley,* and hands us an advertisement of "*Sir Kenelm Digby* and His Venetia" by *E. W. Bligh,* which states "Sir Kenelm Digby (1603-65), the son of *Everard Digby,* the gunpowder conspirator, *was a man who did everything and achieved nothing.*" The italics, accompanied by an exclamation point, are Mr. Morley's. This book prints in entirety the expurgated passages which were omitted from the edition of Digby's "Private Memoirs," in 1827, and of which only a few copies were issued in pamphlet form in 1828. . . .

Ogden Nash edited the omnibus volume of *P. G. Wodehouse* which Doubleday, Doran brought out last month. It contains one novel, "Leave it to Psmith," and twenty-four short stories. Mr. Wodehouse has now taken an old Provençal farmhouse near Grasse, in the South of France, for a year. He prides himself on the fact that it does *not* have a view of the sea! . . .

Another omnibus volume worth getting, which will be ready in the Fall, is "Under the Red Robe and Other Stories," by *Stanley Weyman.* This includes beside the title novel, "A Gentleman of France" and "The House of the Wolf." Longmans publishes the whole. Weyman always told a rattling good yarn. He was a favorite of our boyhood, and his historical romances still retain their glamour. Why don't the movies turn him into pictures? His work would make great screen drama. . . .

C. Hartley Grattan has written for the same publishers "The Three Jameses," not of the famous Jesse and his brothers, but of *Henry James, Sr., Henry James,* the novelist, and his brother *William James,* the famous psychologist and philosopher. This was a unique family group in American intellectual history. . . .

Grattan's book will be out in October, and in the same month will appear from Little, Brown & Company, a new anthology of American verse edited by *Mark Van Doren* and entitled "American Poets, 1630-1930." The majority of his choices are poets who have done most of their work in the twentieth century. . . .

Speaking of Little, Brown, one of the best known literary agents in New York once told us of the startled expression on the face of an English publisher when in the course of her conversation she referred to the "Little, Brown people." Probably he was visualizing some sort of pygmies rather than an anything but pygmy American publishing firm! . . . .

The Specialist Publishing Company of Hollywood, California, has produced "The Last Word" by *Homer Croy,* consisting of a collection of sprightly Authentic Epitaphs and also of Advance Epitaphs written by a number of literary and screen celebrities still living. *Corey Ford* remarks, "Darn it, I forgot to bring my haunting license," and *Dorothy Parker* says pithily, "Excuse my dust." "Entr'acte," writes *Ruth Chatterton,* hopefully, and her husband, *Ralph Forbes,* enunciates, "Outward Bound." The sign that *Constance Bennett* hangs up is "Do not Disturb." *Walt Disney* draws a nice picture of his famous *Mickey Mouse* "Now Playing at the Celestial Theatre, Heaven," and *Fontaine Fox,* the equally famous Toonerville Trolley conductor, states, "I had a hunch something like this would happen." Those are only a few of them. . . .

Dutton is bringing out *Violet Hunt's* "The Wife of Rossetti" in the Fall, which should be a particularly interesting biography. But we are grieved to see that in a photograph of the book's jacket in the Dutton catalogue "*Rossetti*" is spelt with only one "s"! . . .

J. Keith Winter, the young English novelist of such promise, has completed a dramatization of his novel "The Rats of Norway" which will be known in future as "It's a Pity about People," and which will be produced in both London and New York during the coming season. Doubleday, Doran decided to change the title of the book to that of the play because many booksellers thought its title kept people from reading the novel. The only kick we had about the title, however, was that we objected to having our favorite lemmings —so like human beings!—called "rats." But, as *Gelett Burgess* would say, "Rats, what's the difference!"

THE PHOENICIAN.

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